No 164 November 28 90p

KERRANG!

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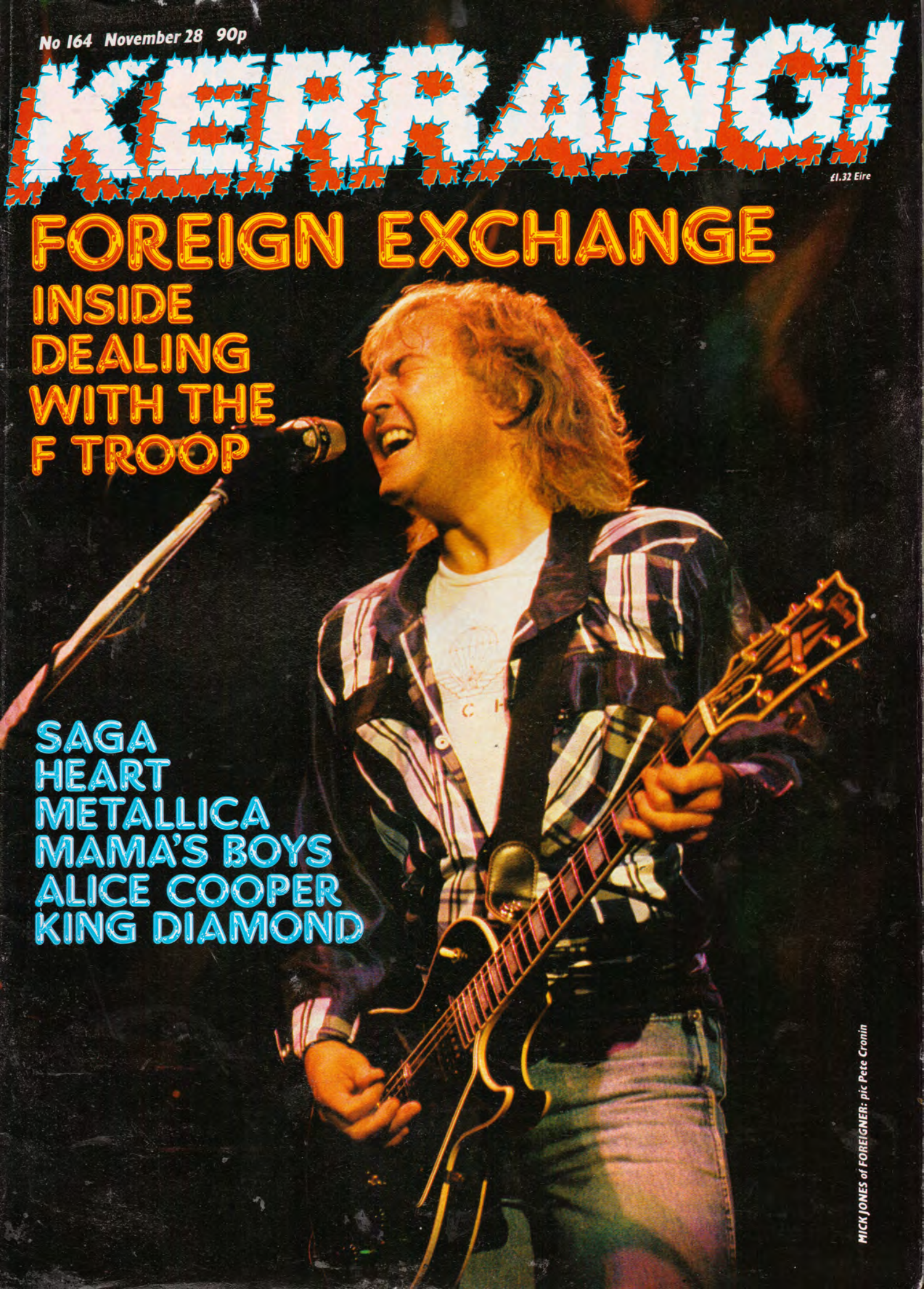
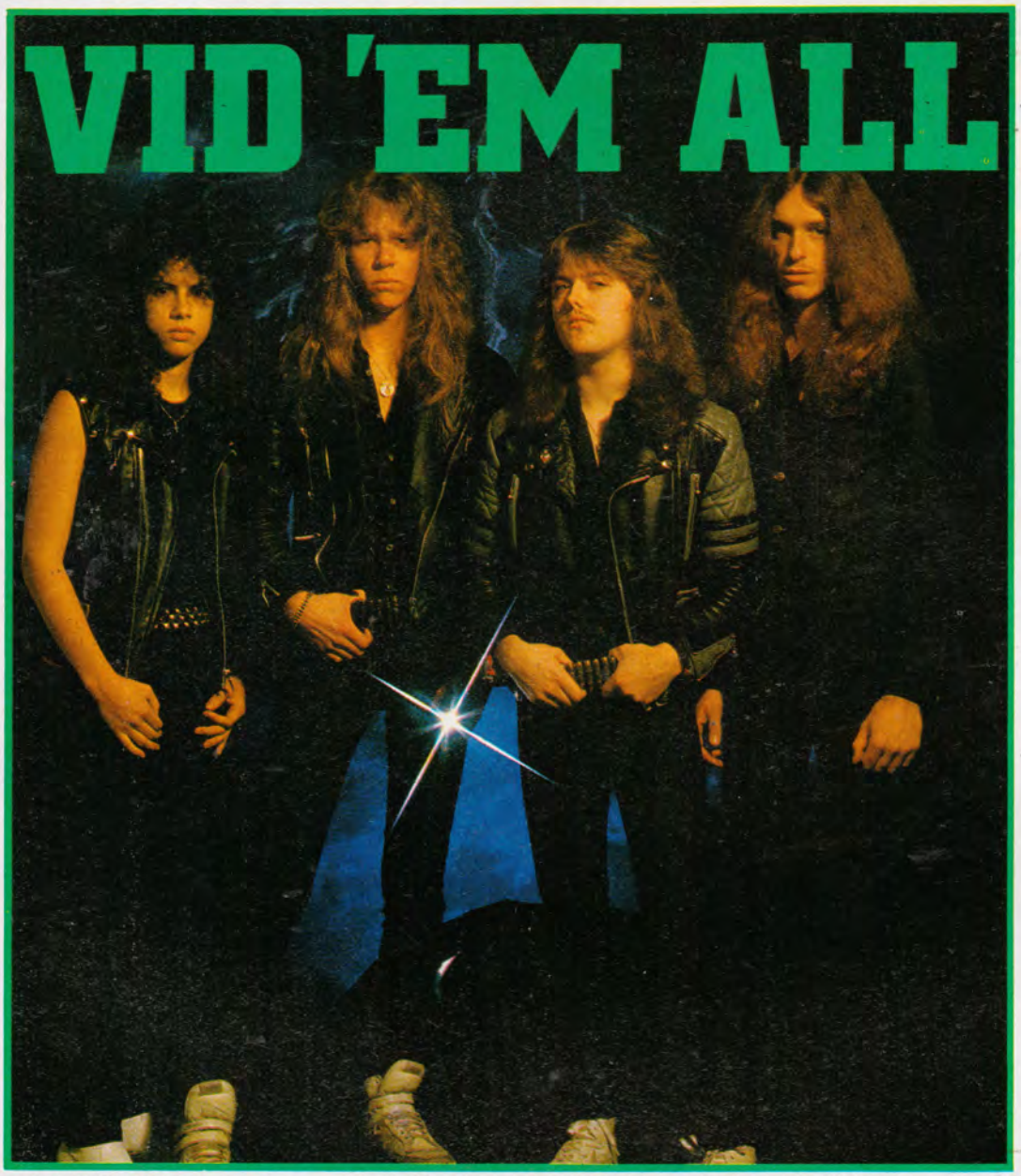


SAGA
HEART
METALLICA
MAMA'S BOYS
ALICE COOPER
KING DIAMOND

MICK JONES of FOREIGNER: pic Pete Cronin

MAYHEM

VID 'EM ALL



■ ON NOVEMBER 26 **Metallica** will release their long-awaited debut home video in the US through Elektra. Titled **'The $19.98 Home Vid. – Cliff 'Em All'**, it has a running time of 90 minutes and features material spanning late bassist **Cliff Burton**'s three-and-a-half years with the band, taking in footage shot at seven concerts during this period, ranging from early **Dave Mustaine**-era stuff right up to the quartet's '86 support slot in America with **Ozzy Osbourne**.

As yet, no UK release has been scheduled; a deal, though, is currently under negotiation and should lead to the cassette being made available very shortly.

The full track listing for this video is: **'Creeping Death'**, **'Am I Evil'**, **'Damage Inc.'**, **'Master Of Puppets'**, **'Whiplash'**, **'Four Horsemen'**, **'Fade To Black'**, **'Seek & Destroy'**, **'For Whom The Bell Tolls'**, **'No Remorse'** and **'Metal Militia'**. Interspersed between each song is interview material and various other examples of Metallica craziness, much of it featuring Burton.

So, is this some form of tribute to Cliff? Not exactly, according to drummer **Lars Ulrich**. . .

"Look, I suppose for a lot of bands this sort of thing would be seen as something of a tribute, but that's not the way we see it. Basically, it's a 90-minute look back at the period when Cliff was with us, more of a video documentary taking in Metallica Mks I and II. It's the video equivalent to the recent '$5.98 EP: Garage Days Re-revisited'.

"We thought the footage was amusing and as usual if we think something's funny we wanna share it with everyone else. We don't want people to regard this as a tribute to Cliff because that would look as if we're trying to cash in on his death, which is far from the case.

"The film quality varies from the top-notch stuff done by TV companies to bootleg videos we tracked down which were often recorded by one kid standing out in the audience. This latter type of presentation gives a totally different perspective to the hi-tech material most bands have on their home videos. There are points where the fan shooting the show gets bumped and the camera loses its position, ending up showing part of our lighting rig, which is great. There are also some clips that were done by the band as well.

"It's rather a unique way of doing a long-form video, because most acts just film one show with five or six cameras and that's it. The only footage *specifically* done for this release was an interview that me, **James (Hetfield)** and **Kirk (Hammett)** did about Cliff. But even here it's far more than us just sitting there saying things like, 'Oh he was the greatest bassist in the world'. We simply sat in an office with one camera on us and drank and talked for a couple of hours; it has the definite Metallica atmosphere. We go on about how Cliff was always late and stuff like that. There's also film of Cliff shot by friends of his, which people will find interesting."

The whole project was co-ordinated by The Company, who've worked with a number of major people in the past and sounds like a classic Metallica 'concept'.

In the meantime, far from sitting back and enjoying their current 'celebrity' status, the band are busily preparing material in San Francisco for their next album, the first to feature bassist **Jason Newsted**. According to 'The Oilrig', the writing process is "going extremely well, better than I'd anticipated at this stage." The group hope to have eight numbers ready by February, when they'll go into the studio with an as-yet unnamed producer and the resultant LP (no working title to date) should follow at some point in 1988, with a UK release through the Vertigo label.

And then? Well, there's the world tour, more silly **Ross Halfin** pix and more empty bottles of Absolute vodka. . . what else do you expect: caviar?! Limos??!! Platinum AmEx cards???!!! This *is* Metallica we're talking about, OK????!!!!

MALCOLM DOME

GUIFFRIA NOT AN ANGEL

■ *CONTRARY TO recent reports, it seems that keyboards maestro* ***Gregg Giuffria*** *(above) has* not *thrown in his lot with the reformed* ***Angel****. Indeed, Giuffria's own band, who share his name, are about to begin work on a new album, details of which are unknown at present.*

Gregg himself is currently filling in time by working as producer on the third album from Los Angeles band ***White Sister****. Giuffria was, of course, responsible for the production on the debut album from the much-touted quintet, who toured the UK earlier this year supporting* ***FM****. As yet, no more official information has been forthcoming on this opus.*

In the meantime, Angel themselves still seem to be having problems sorting out their line-up. They've just recruited a new bassist, ***Mark Norman****, to join lead vocalist* ***Frank Dimino****, drummer* ***Barry Brandt*** *and guitarist* ***Punky Meadows****.*

■ **BRYAN ADAMS** has added two extra UK dates to his tour, these being Brighton Centre 14 December, and Manchester G-Mex Centre 15 December.

Tickets for Brighton are on sale now priced £8.50 and £7.50 from the **Brighton Centre Box Office** (0723 202881) and all usual agents (subject to a booking fee). Tickets for Manchester are on sale now from the following outlets; **Apollo Theatre Manchester** (061 273 3775), **Piccadilly Records, Manchester** (061 236 2577), **Way Ahead Records, Nottingham** (0602 414212), **Cavendish Travel, Leeds** (0532 441919) and all usual agents. All tickets are subject to a maximum 50p booking fee.

Any further enquiries about the extra dates should go through the 24-hour information line on 01 586 1370.

■ RADIO STATION Ocean Sound in Southampton have just launched a competition for bands, the first prize for which will be a day at Recluse Studios in Wiltshire. All interested groups should send a tape/biography/photo to: **Ocean Sound, Whittle Ave., Segensworth, West Fareham, Hants. PO15 5PA.**

TREDING NEW GROUND

■ *WELSH BAND* ***Tredegar*** *are currently on the lookout for a suitable lead vocalist to replace the recently-departed* ***Russ North*** *and also a bassist to take over from* ***Mike Taylor****. Interested parties should send a tape/biography/photo to:* ***Ray Phillips, New House Farm, Trefil, Tredegar, Gwent, S. Wales NP2 4HD****.*

The group are also anxious to recruit a keyboards player and again all the relevant details should be sent to the above address.

*Commenting on the changes within the band, drummer Ray Phillips (pictured above, left) said: "****Tony Bourge*** *(guitar) and myself realised that if the band was to progress any further then we would have to make some changes."*

Already they've hooked up with young guitarist ***Lee Jones*** *(pictured above, right), whom Phillips describes as: "Someone the music business will find out about over the next year or so . . . Over the past two years we've progressed and I think it's fair to say that Tredegar have done more TV shows and live dates than most acts at our level. We feel, though, that things went as far as they could with the old line-up, hence the need for changes.*

"We've got a tour lined-up from December 26 until mid-February of next year, after which Tony, Lee and myself will address ourselves to the task of rebuilding Tredegar."

In the meantime, North is seeking to join a new band and he can be contacted via the following address: ***134 Richmond Rd., Roath, Cardiff CF2 3BX****.*

■ ROADRUNNER RECORDS have just issued the soundtrack for the movie **'River's Edge'**. For review see issue 152.

■ LANCASHIRE BAND **Epidemic** have just released a five-track demo titled **'Infectious Reality'**. This features the following track listing: **'Curse The Creator'**, **'Fear All Evil'**, **'Beyond The Grave'**, **'Termination'** and **'Oblivion'**. It's available at a price of £2.25 (incl. p&p) from: **Tim Preston, Low Meadow, Pendleton, Clitheroe, Lancashire BB7 1PT.**

■ **CHROME MOLLY**'s new guitarist **Tim Read** recently bought himself a black and chrome Marshall Jubilee Edition guitar, model 2555. Nothing unusual about that, except Read had only been in possession of this item for about five hours when he left the instrument outside a fish & chip shop in Leicester. And . . . yes, you've guessed it, the damn thing was stolen!

Naturally, Tim would like it back. So, if anyone out there has any information on the guitar (**serial no. 05474**) and its whereabouts then please contact the band's manager **Paul Loasby** on: **01 434 9513**.

Chrome Molly themselves have now been confirmed as the third on the bill act for **King Diamond** at the Hammersmith Odeon on November 27. This will mark their live debut with Read and also the first gig the band will have played since lead vocalist **Steve Hawkins** underwent open heart surgery.

Filling the 'special guest' slot will be Birmingham band **Wolfsbane**.

■ SWEDISH ACT **Spellbound** have now revamped their line-up, which is currently as follows: **Hans Fröberg** (lead vocals/keyboards/guitar), **JJ Marsh** (guitar/vocals), **Thompson** (bass/keyboards/vocals) and **Ola Strandberg** (drums/vocals).

The group have now gone in a more **Zeppelin/Van Halen**-style musical direction and have just completed work on a new, nine-track demo. In addition, they've just signed a new management agreement with **Fireball Management** in New York and intend to play a couple of low-key club shows in Sweden before embarking on any further recording work.

■ *Kerrang!* will have a *very strong* presence at Leeds Queens Hall on December 13 when **Megadeth** unveil their new line-up at the **'Christmas On Earth'** show, also featuring **Over Kill, Nuclear Assault, Kreator**, the **Cro-Mags, Voi Vod, Lääz Rockit** and **Virus**. We will be selling all lines of merchandise and there will also be a strong representation from the magazine itself. So, if you've always wanted to abuse **Dave Dickson**, now's your chance. . .

NB. Please note that Birmingham band **Sacrilege** have now pulled out of this show, Kreator joining the bill in their stead.

■ **THE CULT** have just issued a video through Palace Virgin Gold titled **'Electric Dove – The Video Singles'**. Retailing at £9, this features the following six tracks: **'She Sells Sanctuary'**, **'Rain'**, **'Revolution'**, and **'Wild Flower'**, **'Love Removal Machine'** and the American version of **'Li'l Devil'**. The video has an approximate running time of 25 minutes.

The band have, in the meantime, added three further dates to their UK tour itinerary. These are at Torquay Leisure Centre November 25, Newport Leisure Centre 26, Brixton Academy Brixton 28. Tickets are priced at £7.50 in advance and are available from the Academy box office and the usual ticket outlets. Tickets for Torquay and Newport are priced at £6.

There are also some tickets still available for the Nottingham Royal Centre on December 1. These are priced at £7/£6.

■ ALTHOUGH NO official information has yet been forthcoming on the situation concerning **Emerson, Lake & Palmer**, *Kerrang!* understands that bassist/vocalist **Greg Lake** is no longer involved with the band and that keyboardsman **Keith Emerson** plus drummer **Carl Palmer** are now working with a new, as yet unnamed replacement.

ANN IS A MONSTER

■ ***HELLION*** *LEAD vocalist* ***Ann Boleyn*** *(above) has just finished working on a track titled* ***'Monster Mash'*** *at Total Access Studios in Redondo Beach, California with Producer* ***Ken Scott****. This song will be included on the soundtrack for the forthcoming horror movie* ***'Return Of The Living Dead – Part 2'***

In addition, Hellion will be issuing their latest, four-track EP through Music For Nations during January. Titled ***'Postcards From The Asylum'****, it was produced by Ann in association with* ***Angelo Arcuri*** *at the Record Plant Studios in Los Angeles. The full track listing is:* ***'The Evil One'****,* ***'Exciter'*** *(a cover version of the* ***Judas Priest*** *classic),* ***'Never More'*** *and* ***'Run For Your Life'****.*

XS ALL AREAS

Pushing aside condoms and threatening behaviour – reasons why MICHAEL HUTCHENCE of Australian band INXS faces arrest on return to his homeland – PAUL HENDERSON gets down to the nitty gritty of the new INXS LP 'Kick', the imminent world tour and when Mr. Hutchence would wear a dress . . .

■ ***MICHAEL HUTCHENCE**, singer with Australian band **INXS**, looks a little tired and not at all full of beans. Perhaps it's due to the inclement weather flexing its muscles and starting the onset of Winter a few weeks early, and is particularly noticeable in the chilly basement of his publicist's London office, where I joined Hutchence for a cup of tea and a shared plate of digestive biscuits (rock an' roll!), in front of a welcome gas heater.*

On the other hand, his demeanour could be linked to the fact that when he next sets foot in Australia, he will almost certainly be arrested because of comments he is alleged to have made at one of the band's concerts in Darwin.

He is accused of threatening behaviour in a public place – for throwing condoms at the audience(!?) and of using obscene language to describe Queensland's Premier, Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen, a man who's reputed to have sold 28 per cent of Queensland to the Japanese and whose latest 'clean-up' wheeze is advocating restricting the availability of condoms, with measures that have so far included sending in police to remove condom-vending machines from all of Queensland's universities. Holy plonker! I mean, hasn't the dingo heard of AIDS!? (Queensland also, by the way, supposedly has the highest unwanted pregnancy rate in Australia).

Judging by some of the other (very serious) allegations I've heard concerning Sir Joh, the Queensland Premier seems like a very dangerous man. Unfortunately, this isn't the place to talk about them.

*At the time I spoke to Hutchence, with a mid-November release pencilled-in for new album **'Kick'** (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) and the wheels being oiled for an imminent INXS world tour (currently in America, reaching the UK in early December), the arrest threat hung over him like an inky-black rain cloud. As the poor sport couldn't risk going home to pack, he was biding his time holed-up in his PR's office, where, because of the Pied Piper tune being played by the 'Singer Under Arrest Threat' press-release, the 'scum-hound' newspapers are out in force, no doubt elbowing each other in the ribs and tackling from behind in order to get their noses into the trough.*

Which is perhaps why Hutchence seemed to become a lot more cheerful when I talked to him about the band he's a part of, INXS ('in excess'), and about . . . music!

*The last time INXS played Britain was in '86, when the group built its audience from the Marquee in January of that year, through Hammersmith Odeon in February and the Albert Hall in June, to playing with **Queen** at Wembley Stadium.*

"Yeah. We had a good tour!" says Hutchence, obviously pleased that they could now be seen to be hitting home-runs

Pic Brian Aris

MICHAEL HUTCHENCE of INXS: pop/rock that doesn't stink of cheap aftershave

while playing away from their secure position of being very 'big fish in a small (musically speaking) pond' in Australia.

*As well as that tour, their last album, **'Listen Like Thieves'**, was also a big success, doing sound commercial business as well as receiving critical acclaim ('. . .* whips up a storm of good rockin' stuff that avoids all AOR Wimphem *cliché* tags. Pop/rock that doesn't stink of cheap aftershave' – Howard Johnson).

*As well as its raw, 'almost live' production values allied to a handful of high-class, energetic rock songs typified by, to name a personal favourite, the hell-for-leather raucousness of **'Red Red Sun'**, the album also included **'What You Need'**, which last year gave the band the equivalent to an 'Access All America' pass in the shape of a US Top 5 single.*

*"Luckily, America conceded to us a few years ago. When we arrived there about three or four years back we had the **'Shabooh Shoobah'** album out, and we thought, okay, we'll give it a shot and see what happens. We thought we were maybe going to get college radio play and that we could tour around and at the very least have a good time and get to see the place.*

"When we got there MTV had more or less just started and also the radio formats had changed. Suddenly, they were saying, 'Oh, what's all this new *music stuff?' – they woke up late! But it was fantastic. We had a hit the first time we were there. That was just* luck *– time and place and whatever – and it opened up for us.*

"In England, I think the people *decided rather than anybody really being mega-behind us. I mean, we never had the BBC going crazy over us and all that stuff. So our following here is a really hardcore one, and it's much bigger than people realise."*

New album, 'Kick', perhaps lacks the intrinsic weight and immediate forcefulness of much of '. . .Thieves' and also seems to spread over a number of different bases. If there is *a common ingredient it's that the majority of the songs carry the smell of soul-spiced r'n'b, with **'New Sensation'** and 'Kick' itself being the most pungent.*

*But, as is often the case, the choice for the single, **'Need You Tonight'**, is arguably both the* worst *track on offer and also the most misleading introduction you could have to what is overall a very good album.*

"This record is pretty different," says the fugitive, his less-than-Crocodile Dundee, mild Aussie accent the result of a Hong Kong upbringing. "We took a lot more time and came up with something that is pretty diverse – which is what we are. We actually got halfway through the album and stopped and took a month or so off and listened to what we'd got. We already had about eight songs, but we trashed a few of those and came back with another eight.

"Overall, I think it's heavier *than '. . . Thieves', in a way. There is actually one song on the album that I think is the heaviest thing we've* ever *done. But also, it* is *a very r'n'b album."*

*Australian bands – indeed bands from anywhere other than Britain or the US – have a notoriously difficult time breaking into the markets of these two musical 'super-powers'. With a few exceptions, Aussie bands – even the good ones – tend to ride in with a big bang on the back of an international hit (**Men At Work, Icehouse**) and are then cold-shouldered back to where they came from. Hutchence seems to think that, for Australian bands at least, their down-to-earth approach (getting on with playing music rather than 'playing the game' with the music media) hasn't helped.*

"Australian bands just aren't prepared for the amount and type of press that you have to do here," he remarks with a grin, "and how important it is. In Australia you just do an interview, usually with someone who already knows you and understands you. It's more a relay of information. Here, *it's a f**king* art-form!

"Because of that, English bands are real stylists. They really are. In Australian bands, you put on your guitar, get out onstage and play your song. In England, by the time a band leaves the garage they've got their shoe-laces on just right! They know exactly *what they're doing."*

But what is it *that INXS are doing? Previous albums like 'Shabooh Shoobah', **'Swing'** and '. . . Thieves' were nothing if not diverse, making the peculiarly British passtime of 'pigeonholing' a difficult one and making it equally difficult for the band to achieve success in Britain.*

"The first thing that hit me when we came to England was this 'which box are you in?' thing – as individuals, not even as a band. If people don't know which box you're in then you don't exist!

*"Australians just don't give a s**t. The way we view things is, 'Oh yeah? Give it a go!' I'll do anything and dress any way. One day I'll wear a suit, the next day I'm wearing leather, the next day jeans, and another time I'll be wearing . . . a f**king* dress! *And you just don't* do *that here."*

Well, I can't argue with that! (Actually, I don't think he *would wear a dress, but it gets the point across in a very straightforward way).*

I reckon a bit more of a 'Yeah? Give it a go' attitude with new bands wouldn't be a bad thing in this *country. In which case the INXS UK tour, starting in Newcastle on December 2, could be a good place to try it out.*

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Pic Ross Halfin

With one UK visit shelved after another, MALCOLM DOME asks STEVEN TYLER (pictured here) just when the band *are* gonna walk this way . . .

■ *"I FEEL so* bad *about it. It's a real f**kin' shame cos we were so looking forward to coming over!"*

***Steven Tyler**, lead vocalist with **Aerosmith** and one of hard rock's true legends, sounds genuinely upset on the sunshine end of a transatlantic phone link. And he's not the only one. **Mark Putterford** is blubbering incohesively in a corner ("But he* promised *me!"), **'Krusher'** is threatening never to shave his legs again. **Dante** is wielding his copy of double live record **'Official Bootleg'** menacingly. And **St.Sylvie** is refusing to wear anything black as a sign of mourning.*

*Me? I'm fed up, disappointed. . . and trying to find out WHY? Why, for the second time in only a few months, have the great Bostonian quintet cancelled their plans for a UK tour?! They were due here in September on a trek that would have seen 'em supported by **Guns n' Roses** (the latter eventually taking over for a brief and hugely triumphant headlining trip). Then when this was binned (due to a combination of finances and the fact that their US label, Geffen, wanted 'em at home to promote an album that looked like it was gonna take them back into platinum territory), Steven and lead guitarist **Joe Perry** (he of the E-chord sneer and the ripping finger action) came over to Europe for a whirlwind promotional visit that saw them announcing everywhere that they'd be back (together with guitarist **Brad Whitford**, drummer **Joey Kramer** and bassist **Tom Hamilton**) next February for that long-anticipated tour. This was at least some consolation to all of us, including the kids who'd bought tickets for the cancelled September series of dates (yeah, these precious items actually went on sale!).*

And now. . . this!

*"I can't actually divulge why we can't come over, but it's basically because someone, somewhere f**ked up on the arrangements. However, please tell all our fans that no-one is more pissed off about this than the band itself and we desperately wanna come over as soon as it's humanly possible."*

*At the moment nothing is confirmed as to when Aerosmith will come. However, there is talk of August, Donington and a 'Special Guest' slot on a bill to be headlined by **Iron Maiden**. In addition, Steven also believes that if this plan bears fruit then the 'Smiths will water the seed of this massive outdoor performance with selected, low-key club dates under their assumed medical pseudonym, Doctor. . . no. I'll not give it away, just wait and see. The prospect of Aerosmith strutting their stuff at The Marquee is already bringing a smile to my machete.*

*In the meantime, drown your sorrows in the spectacularly wondrous **'Permanent Vacation'**, the band's current album on the Geffen label. It's already spawned a major US hit in **'Dude (Looks Like A Lady)'** (which also dented the charts here) and **'Rag Doll'** is set up to be the next 45, followed by that big bold ballad **'Angel'**. In addition, the 'Smiths have also provided one track for the movie **'Less Than Zero'**, namely a cover version of **'Rocking Pneumonia And The Boogie Woogie Flu'** that really is (ahem) infectious.*

*The LP (reviewed last issue) is only out on import at the moment through the Def Jam label, but it's worth buying for the 'Smiths, **Poison**'s cover of **Kiss**' **'Rock & Roll All Nite'** and **Slayer**'s awesome rendition of **'Inna-Gadda-Da-Vida'**, the old **Iron Butterfly** number.*

See ya in August, Steven!

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WIMPWIRE

More wondrous harmonies and happy hooks from the great man of restraint DEREK OLIVER

TO MY MIND Wimpwire is all about the art of control. Restraint and a little bit of feeling goes a long, long way in this column, and that's exactly why I'm going to throw the spotlight on a fantastic new Swedish group called, fittingly enough, **Glory**.

Based in Stockholm and brought to my attention via Sweden's biggest AOR fan **Mag Soderkvist**, this masterful and powerful quintet have conjured up a king-sized pomp rock sound that comes across like a cracking combination of **Dokken, Bon Jovi, Icon** and **MSG** (without the crassness, I might add!). Glorious (whoops!) bursts of keyboard madness perforate the slicing guitar mania, laced delicately with swirling arrangements that would do the greatest classical composers proud.

Formed a year or so ago, the band have recently recorded a mouth-watering demo produced by a geezer called **Mats Lindfors**, who as any self-respecting Wimpwire fan will know, engineered and played on **John Norum**'s new album. And that's not all, because **TNT**'s producer **Bjorn Nessjo** has chipped in some handy hints with the song arrangements and **Yngwie J. Malmsteen** has been constantly on the blower begging vocalist **Ray Alex** to jack in Glory and join him in Los Angeles. Yeah, we're talkin' serious class here!

There's four tracks on the demo and you'll be wafted up to heaven by the pomp rockin' delights of **'Harmony'**, the rampaging **'Runaway'**, **'Survivor'**, with its keyboards parts nicked straight from **Aldo Nova**'s first album, and the stunning acoustic ballad **'Burning For You'**. Gorgeous stuff alright, featuring some of the best guitar playing this side of **Vinnie Moore**!

If you want to get hold of that tape or just give 'em a pat on the back you can write to Glory c/o **Jan Granwick, Odengatan 90, 2nd Floor S-113 22 Stockholm.**

Moving back to the UK scene, you'll be well advised to get your lugholes twisted in the direction of Manchester six-piece **Strutz**. Coming on like a lively **Loverboy** and an amateurish **Autograph**, it's virtually impossible not to be won over by their wondrous harmonies and happy hooks. They've been together for about 18 months, building a firm following 'up North', and are about to record a live video for interested record companies.

Good production, fantastic keyboards and superb guitar playing make this a band with a healthy future, and you too can get a slice of the action right now for the measly sum of £2.00,

GLORY: would do the greatest classical composers proud!

which will get you a four-track tape, photo and biography. Get writing to Strutz c/o **Systems Music, 6 Mumps, Oldham OL4 1SY**. Just tell 'em *Kerrang!* sent you!

Over in Los Angeles there's something stirring. Not content to have spawned the world's four greatest bands – that's **Giuffria, White Sister, Legs Diamond** and newcomers **LA Rocks** – the city of Angels has also thrown up a rather interesting oddity in the shape of **Rokway**. Featuring master guitarist **Christie Lawrence**, whose fretboard virtuosity can easily be aligned to the incorrigible work of any New Guitar Master, the band whip up an unusual sound that's closer to black disco than standard AOR.

Actually, if it wasn't for Lawrence's lethal axemanship they would be more at home in the pages of, say, *Black Echoes* than *Kerrang!*. Mind you, to the trained ear there's a strong comparison with **Desmond Child And Rouge, Kid Brother, The Time** and **Cameo**. Drop 'em a line, even if it's only to check out the phenomenal guitar: c/o **Rokway Enterprises, PO Box 4351, Suite 311, Hollywood, California 90078.**

Right, let's turn our attention to a few short album reviews, stuff that the normal *Kerrang!* Krew laugh out of the office.

First on the deck then is a self-titled debut album by a stunning new act called **What If** (RCA/KKKK). Whipping up a simply spiffing high-tech AOR sound that brings to mind masters of the art such as **Toto, Mr Mister** and **Saga**, What If have delivered nine cuts that'll have you grooving by the speakers in utter ecstasy.

They've basically a three-piece consisting of drummer **Bob Wilson**, bassist/keyboardist **Larry Williams**, who's worked with **Laura Branigan, Eye To Eye** and **Yellow Jackets** (featuring **Jimmy Haslip**, ex-**Blackjack**) and vocalist **Tommy Funderburk**, whose list of credits could run for two pages, but we'll content ourselves with the knowledge that he was once in **Airplay**. With **Mike Landau** guesting on guitar you've got a cracking self-produced record with the best cut possibly being the **Glen Burtnick** penned **'Perfect World'** – a song that embodies every element of that incredible FM rock sound. Expensive as an import but worth every penny.

ROKWAY (from left) C. Lawrence, E. Holland, C. Monroe: closer to black disco than standard AOR

Those with slightly more adventurous tastes might like to grab a copy of the debut LP by an eccentric New York-based trio called **Eastern Bloc** (Paradox/KK). Whilst I'm not a big fan of *all* the tracks, the style flits between psychedelic '70s rock (*à la* early **Blue Öyster Cult**) and prime AOR similar to **Foreigner**; there's certainly enough blandola to interest any Wimpwire fanatic.

Featuring bassist/keyboard player **Ivan Kral**, one-time member of the **Patti Smith Band** and **John Waite**'s **No Brakes** outfit, alongside super drummer **Frankie La Rocka**, also a member of John Waite's outfit (but now holding down a day job as a staff A&R man at Atlantic Records, New York), Eastern Bloc, as far as I can detect, appear to be purely a studio ensemble for the time being

Oh, before we sign off for this issue let's catch up with a couple of releases that we somehow missed earlier this year.

Who remembers New Zealand-based soft-rockers **Dragon**, the band who released to my knowledge *at least* five albums, if not more? Not many, right? Well, don't worry because they've recently reappeared under the swell but different monicker of **Hunter**. Now, whilst Dragon were megastars in Australia during the late '70s to early '80s, they were – even by Wimpwire's feeble standards – pretty wimpy, so the thought of a reformation didn't exactly have me jumping for joy.

'Dreams Of Ordinary Men' (Polydor/KKKK), their comeback album, *did* however turn out to be a major achievement. Led by the brothers **Marc** and **Todd Hunter**, the LP cuts a neat slice of dynamic AOR, like the very best bits of Toto and **The Outfield**. Produced very loudly by **Todd Rundgren**, it's a record of great appeal, highlighting the amazing guitar playing of Australia's top session man and now fully enlisted member, **Tommy Emmanuel**.

Finally, don't forget to save up for a fabulous import album from a new band called **Bricklin** (A&M/KKKK). Like Hunter, Bricklin are also led by two brothers, namely **Scott** and **Brian Bricklin**, who help to dish out an amazing cacophony of modernised AOR much in the striking fashion of, say, Glen Burtnick, **Cutting Crew, Honeymoon Suite** and pomp masters **Aviator**.

That's it for now, but don't forget to keep sending those demo tapes and hate mail!

FOREIGNER

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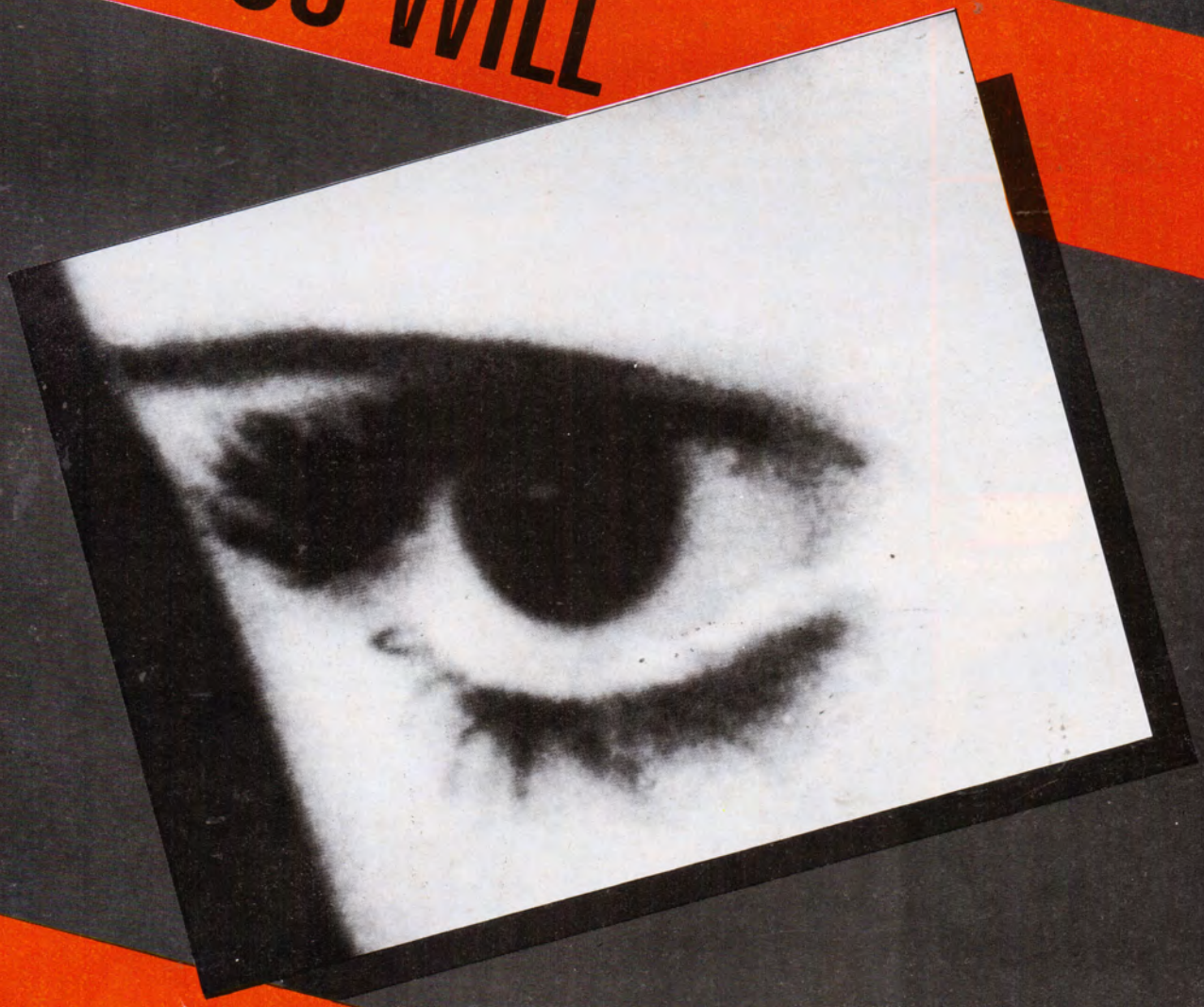

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KING & CO on video: stills from the clip for 'The Family Ghost' shot in London earlier in the year

A KIND OF MAGIC

In the past, KING DIAMOND has been accused of all sorts of dark 'n' diabolical acts, but as the former pro footballer explains to Brian, sorry MARK PUTTERFORD, his new theatrical stageshow is designed purely to entertain, to send the lads away laughing rather than barfing!

IT'S NOVEMBER 5, Guy Fawkes night, and the 'phone lines between London and Copenhagen are fizzling like a thousand sparklers.

The conversation centres around an ex-Danish First Division footballer and fully-qualified pharmacist who has long since given up testing 'keepers with lobs and testing new medicines on dogs and rats in labs, and who now prefers testing the bowels of HM fans with a (London-bound) shock-rock horror show as explosive as a back-garden firework display.

Yes, King Diamond – former Hvidovre I.F. player and vivisectionist – will be in London for a show at the Hammersmith Odeon on November 27, one of the highlights of a 26-date European trek that'll see the devilish Dane teaming up with Motörhead FC for 15 games . . . er, *gigs* in Germany, as well as headlining many of his own – thanks partly to the success of his latest album, 'Abigail'.

And you can bet your mum's make-up bag that the greasepainted growler's show will go off with the kind of bang Guy Fawkes would've been proud of.

"We don't celebrate November 5 in Denmark," sez King, "but we try to make *every* night a November 5 when we're on the road! Unfortunately, there's a 10 o'clock curfew and fireworks restrictions on shows in Denmark at the moment, but we'll find a way 'round them, don't worry! We didn't have many problems on tour in America recently and we hope the Hammersmith authorities won't prevent us from using our full show on the 27.

"Although music is, of course, the most important part of King Diamond, I must say our tricks make up half of our live show, and you feel bad not being able to offer the people a good visual show if the tricks are banned at some gigs – even if you play well you feel like you've let the fans down in some way."

The kids in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, certainly seemed to enjoy all the royal gimmickry at the Diamond show I saw back in the Summer (see review, issue 156), pulling faces in fine Phil Cool fashion as they fell for all the tongue-in-cheek tricks with wide-eyed naivety during the pyro-packed performance. There's the moment when King plucks a baby doll (rather like Hambel from Play School) out of a small coffin and lances it with a sword; the bit where the caped crusader – a distant relative of Hamburglar, Ronald McDonald's time-honoured TV adversary – turns his back on the audience and sets light to his cloak; the moment where . . . well, I won't give the entire game away, Brian.

ESSENTIALLY, THE KD show is a fast-moving mixture of meaty Metal and quick-thrill theatrics that works more effectively than anything the mainman has done before. And the band behind him, now featuring hot young guitarist Mikael Moon, is the ideal foil for all his extravagant and at times hilarious antics.

Moon, who replaced former Mercyful Fate man Michael Denner after the guitarist decided he couldn't face another long stint on the road and settled down to running a record store in Copenhagen, had quit the band Madison just before Denner's departure because he wanted to play heavier music. So when he found out about the vacancy through KD guitarist Andy La Roque and drummer Mikkey Dee (the band is completed by bassist Timi G Hansen), he was on the case double-quick.

"We parted company with Michael Denner on good terms," explains King, "but we had to get a new guy in quick because we only had a few rehearsals left before we went to America. We knew Mikael had a professional mind and was willing to sacrifice anything for the band, so we got him in, and although we only had 11 rehearsals together before our first US date he learnt the whole set and fitted in perfectly. He's added an extra dimension to our stage show, and completed what is definitely the best line-up I've had."

But did he have to be 'into' King's very personalised lyrics to qualify as a member of KD?

"No, not at all," says King, "the music always comes first in this band. I have my own private beliefs (and they're nothing to do with sacrificing babies, drinking blood or all those stupid things – that's too far over the top), but I've never preached anything and never will, because neither I nor anyone else in the band care what other people believe in. We're just entertainers who are trying to give kids some thrills as well as some good music, and judging from the success of 'Abigail' and our last US tour we're getting through to the kids – especially in America, despite all the crap that their elders feed them on."

Yes, despite the Cronin-style motormouth moanings of the Moral Majority, King Diamond's 10-week US tour (which finished on Long Island, New York, on September 5) was "absolutely the best and biggest tour we've ever done," according to the man himself.

The band covered a lot of new ground, such as Florida, parts of Texas and Arizona. And in cities like Chicago they drew crowds of 3000 . . . without once running into the dreaded PMRC bully-boys.

"We never saw them," crows King, "and I'm glad because I hate them. I hate them because they're all stupid, ignorant idiots who are only picking on Metal because it's an easy target. If you mention the devil in your lyrics you're a satanist in their minds, and they say you're influencing kids. Yet these people seem to think classical music is OK, even though the likes of (Aleister) Crowley often said that classical music influenced them! They make me mad, and I know that if I had a discussion with them they wouldn't be able to defend what they're doing at all."

ONE PERSON who wanted to hold a serious discussion with King while he was in the US was a certain priest, who wrote to the 'satanic' screamer saying that he wanted to convert him so that he could use his fame in a positive way for Christianity. King's reply?

"No reply! In any case, you get some priests going on TV saying that bands who *do* sing about the goodness of God should be banned also.

"I saw a priest on TV in America saying that *Stryper* need salvation; you get priests

claiming that bands who misuse the name of the Lord are in an even more dangerous position than those who sing about Satan. These people think that the likes of Stryper aren't going about promoting God in the right way . . . but they probably haven't even read their lyrics anyway!"

Somewhat surprisingly, King says he wouldn't mind going on the road with a band like Stryper, because "I couldn't care less what they sing about; we'll just get on with entertaining the people *our* way, and good luck to them and their approach.

"The only thing that concerns me about Stryper," he adds, "is that they might hurt someone when they throw their Bibles out. Otherwise, I don't care what their show is about. I mean, we've been on the road with Trouble, who also promote God in their lyrics (although in a more vague manner), and we've seen what they get up to on the road. They're certainly not hardcore Christians!

"But I don't mind playing with so-called Christian bands, because we don't preach anything in our show. The only way to make someone a satanist is to let that person discover it for themselves . . . and the same goes for Christianity; people should make up their own minds."

That's all well and good, but in the States the general public seem to believe whatever they're told, and people are being fed Christianity through every orifice by TV preachers like Jimmy Swaggart, the God-fearing geezer currently running for Presidency with the promise that he'll change the name of the country to the United *Christian* States Of America if he comes to power!

"America is screwed up," sighs King. "A little while ago I was over there and read about some guy who went on TV to say that he'd been told by God that if he didn't raise eight million dollars in four weeks he'd die. In four weeks people had sent him six million dollars, at which point he went back on TV to say that God had given him an extension of another two weeks to raise the rest! How can people take notice of these crazy guys? They're surely more harmful than a band like King Diamond, which merely entertains HM fans.

"But of course we're still looked upon as satanists," he adds, disgustedly, "even though 'Abigail' (which reached a highly respectable 123 in the *Billboard* chart) had nothing to do with satan or anything like that, despite having a spooky kind of concept (which readers of *Mega Metal Kerrang!* No. 7 will know all about).

"It's just a fictional horror story," says King, "like a book or a movie. It was something I always wanted to do, and I sort of got started on something like that on the 'Fatal Portrait' album, where I had five songs connecting with each other.

"But I wanted to do a *complete* concept album – a *horror* concept album, because I don't believe anyone has done that before – and I wanted to create something original and something a little challenging for the band, to prove to people that we're getting better.

"Reaching 123 in *Billboard* was a nice surprise, but then it *was* a good album. The reason for that was we had better equipment, more time to work on things and the production was ten times better; we were still learning things when we produced 'Fatal Portrait', but with 'Abigail' we were much more experienced in that area.

"Also, I think we hit the right balance with 'Abigail', a balance between the music, which was more complex than before, and the lyrics, which I think were perfect for kids to 'get into'."

Pic Peter Cronin

KING & DOLL (Hambel from Playschool?) onstage: "We just want out fans to come along, sing, clap, be as active as we are . . ."

BUT IF King was chuffed with 'Abigail', he's virtually bursting his breeches about the next KD LP, which he's almost finished writing and which will be recorded early next year.

"It'll be a concept album again," he explains, "and I've got the climax all written . . . all I've got to do now is write the beginning! But I *can* say that it'll be scary and a bit sick in places! It'll have a hell of an impact – especially as we'll use all the studio techniques possible to create a very special atmosphere and make it sound as if someone is actually coming into your living room! In fact, there's one bit where you're gonna want to take the needle off the record; it's so scary it has nearly driven me insane in the studio!"

Well, I'd suggest King clings onto his sanity for as long as he can, for it seems as if the man and his band are at last beginning to achieve the right kind of balance between music and lyrics, credibility and OTT stage image and the projection of personal beliefs and the ability to simply entertain that they've always craved.

In the past, I've found these imbalances (as well as King's rather strange voice) a bit off-putting where either Mercyful Fate or King Diamond were concerned. But with 'Abigail' King has certainly struck a happy medium, and in his new pyrotechnical stageshow he's virtually done the same, making KD a far more accessible and enjoyable band.

"We're definitely getting it right," confirms King. "When people leave our concerts they go with a smile, because they know our tricks are *only* tricks and not something magical. I mean, a Heavy Metal concert is very close to a ritual because you create a lot of energy and stir up a lot of emotion, and the people rise to the band as one. But the kids aren't stupid, they know it's all done for fun, and although we do put them through many different emotional phases during our show, they always come out smiling at the end of it. And if they don't, then we've failed.

"We're just entertainers and all we want is for the kids to enjoy themselves – we don't want them to play with ouija boards or whatever, because they don't know what they're dealing with and they can be bloody dangerous. We just want our fans to come along, sing, clap, be as active as we are onstage and have a good time. That's all."

Remember, remember . . . the 27th of November!

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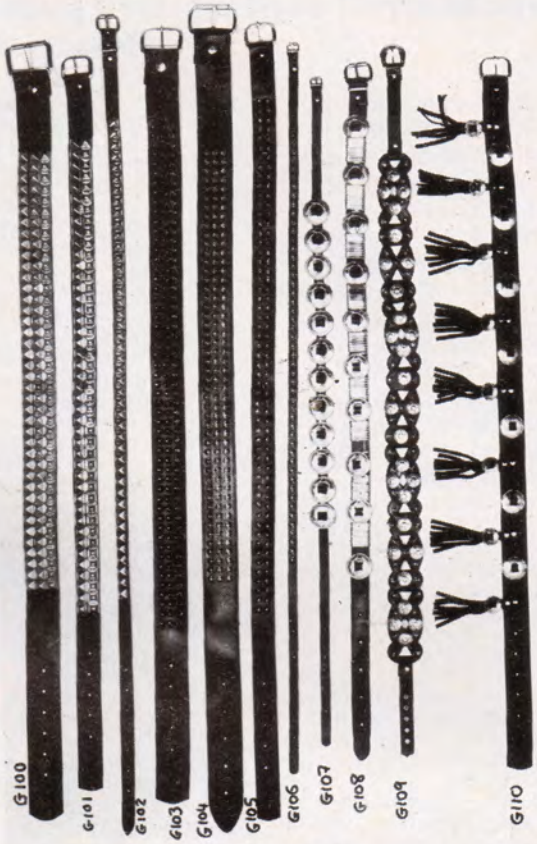

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THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN

DEREK OLIVER stands back in amazement as MAMA'S BOYS vocalist Keith Murrell confesses to past involvements wih Russ Abbott (gasp!) and Bobby Davro (double gasp!)

IT WAS an interesting and at times frightening state of affairs. There they were, Ireland's proud hard rock contenders, progressing quite steadily thank you very much up the rock 'n' roll step ladder to success, earning a considerable amount of respect and a frantic fan following when all of a sudden nasty lady luck poked a spanner in the goddamn works.

Good guys with an ear for dishing out a swell time to all and sundry yet singled out for a dose of brutal bad luck. Doesn't make much sense does it?

Without wishing to bore you with the grisly details – something tht's been well covered in *Kerrang!* on a couple of occasions – I'll only mention a few facts just in case you've been moose hunting in Montreal or fly fishing in Folkestone for the last couple of years.

The first, perhaps most devastating, indication that something was amiss occured when brother Tommy McManus, the youngest by the way, was suddenly taken ill suffering from leukaemia, a dreadful illness that eventually pushed him to within a hair's breadth of death. Naturally, Pat and John placed the band on ice hoping only for the very best outcome. Thankfully, Tommy pulled through and, despite the long lay-off and subsequent loss of momentum, the band seemed perfectly ready to commence another major chart-busting offensive.

That was until bassist/vocalist John stepped back in front of the microphone and suddenly realised that his voice was little more than a gruesome croak. Damaged beyond anyone's reasonable expectation, the man's vocal cords probably looked like a bag of spinach, the doctors warning him to stop talking, let alone *singing*, immediately!

And so the search was on for a new vocalist, a necessity that would bring to an end the three-piece format but would maybe help them to broaden their appeal.

They advertised, asked friends and neighbours and eventually auditioned well over one hundred hot-headed candidates from Belfast to Baton Rouge before settling on unknown Englishman Rick Chase. Things looked good.

That was, of course, until Rick's voice went on the blink too!

WITH ALL hands back on deck, this unusual twist of fate led to one piece of good luck; someone somewhere had heard (contrary to popular rumour) good things about brilliant AOR rockers Airrace and how superb vocalist Keith Murrell was.

It was a tough search but, in common with the Canadian Mounted Police, they got their man, the upshot being that Murrell eventually offered his undying devotion to the revamped and re-vitalised Mama's Boys. In my opinion, a wise and crucial decision.

"It was a funny time for me," reckons Keith, pushing a nasal decongestant up his nostril. "I'd been out of the spotlight for a long while, getting myself involved with session work, when some bloke from Jive Records started ringing me up and bending my ear about Mama's Boys. I was a little bit sceptical, but they got me in to hear some backing tracks and that's when I began to think '. . . erm, this stuff's pretty hot!'"

Those who've heard Keith's vocals must surely agree that he's one of the best melodic rock singers around.

The Airrace album 'Shaft Of Light' was a brilliant introduction to this young man's talent, and although the record crashed (like the band), he didn't go unnoticed. Apart from involving himself with the aforementioned session work, something he's a little shy about revealing (see end of feature), Keith was immediately headhunted by a stack of well known and in some cases major rockers . . .

"The first project I got involved with after Airrace folded was Lionheart. They'd just lost Chad Brown, and Rocky (Newton, bassist) called up up and asked if I fancied a blow. We got together and wrote a few songs but things fizzled out. There just wasn't enough push."

Next up, after contributing selected backing vocals on a Gary Moore album ('Run For Cover'), was an agonising stint with young hopefuls Raid The North, a British band signed to Vertigo who experienced incredible, almost farcical logistical problems recording their debut album (never released).

"I got involved when things were going from bad to worse," Keith continues. "They recorded the album nearly three times and Phonogram didn't think the vocalist was quite right. I joined, did some recording with Pip Williams (producer) and they *still* didn't like it. Eventually, they were so far in debt that the whole deal had to be scrapped.

"There was some serious money going down, y'know? Like doing stuff with Jeff Glixman in Atlanta City. But that wasn't entirely the end of it because EMI gave us some *more* demo money!"

Then there was a brief stint with ex-Sensational Alex Harvey Band drummer Ted McKenna's new project, and finally an enlightening encounter with 'Mad' Mickey Schenker which went something like this . . .

"I WENT to write some songs with him and we got on fine, except the stuff I was writing was garbage because he used to say, 'I'll give you 30 minutes to write something for this riff,' then he'd come back in five minutes when all I had was two words and three notes claiming it was the best stuff he'd ever heard. I knew something wasn't quite right from that moment on!"

Having had the pleasure of listening to new Mama's Boys album 'Growing Up The Hard Way' (hideous album cover, by the way) for several weeks, I find it incredible to imagine that Keith had virtually no artistic involvement with writing the new material except, of course, for some vocal inflections and the odd lyric change. It's a tremendous achievement alright, and one that even he still finds difficult to believe.

"I can remember when I first heard the material, thinking how incredibly close it was to the stuff I'd been writing. That was the thing that got me really fired up about joining them, because I'd spent almost two years wandering around trying to find a comfortable situation and then bang, there it was!

"Everything felt completely right, the sound, the material and the attitude and I didn't have to change my way of thinking at all. To be honest, the songs are in exactly the style I would have adopted if I'd been in the band from the start."

What about personalities? I mean, joining a band with three brothers must be a little strange, right?

"Well, not really. I know it sounds a bit corny but I'm already feeling like one of the family. We get on really well, they're incredibly thoughtful guys.

"Actually, before I agreed to join I checked out the situation very carefully to see if anyone was dragging their feet, but it's a really professional set-up with total commitment."

THERE'S LITTLE doubt in my mind, as I've made quite clear on numerous occasions already, that this newly defined melodic awareness will lead Mama's Boys to bigger and far better things. The old three-piece format seemed, in all honesty, fully played out and there appeared little chance of complete victory on a worldwide basis even though sizeable footholds had been achieved.

No, the format had to be revised, and with the recruitment of Keith Murrell they obtained both a substantial world class vocalist and an ongoing future.

In Ireland, though, the Mama's Boys following has always been incredibly large and loyal – something demonstrated to me recently at a gig in Belfast. It was there, with the addition of keyboard assistant (but not fully-fledged member) Alan Nelson (ex-Jagged Edge), that the real acid test took place, and thankfully they managed to pass with honours – attendances were up and the place went totally berserk! They even managed to slip in an old Airrace number, 'Promise To Call', a song that sounded utterly in keeping with the new style.

"The fact that the kids in Ireland came to the shows and gave us so much support really put the seal of approval on the group. I don't think I'd be sitting here right now if it wasn't for that reaction. It's been truly fantastic. Even the handful of British dates we've done have gone over really well."

Gripping stuff, and with plans that call for more UK dates before the end of the year there's a firm chance that Mama's Boys could turn out to be one of the year's hottest melodic rock sensations. Why, Radio One, in all it's infinite glory, might even deem to spin the new single, a cover of Stevie Wonder's 'Higher Ground', on weekday airtime. Now, *that* would be something!

But hey, let's not allow Keith to slip away from our roving Pathe eye without revealing some, er, finer details about that session work he mentioned earlier.

Y'see, the lad got so wrapped up in the muso underworld that not only did he sing on a couple of Mars Bar ads, he also contributed backing vox to, wait for it, brain-dead drivel like the Russ Abbott show, the Bobby Davro show and, chuckle, chuckle, Cilla Black's nonsensical 'Surprise Surprise'!

What some people will do for dosh. Whatever next? Backing vocals for Cliff Richard, perhaps?

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MAMA'S BOYS (l-r): Keith Murrell, John, Tommy and Pat McManus

Pic Ray Palmer

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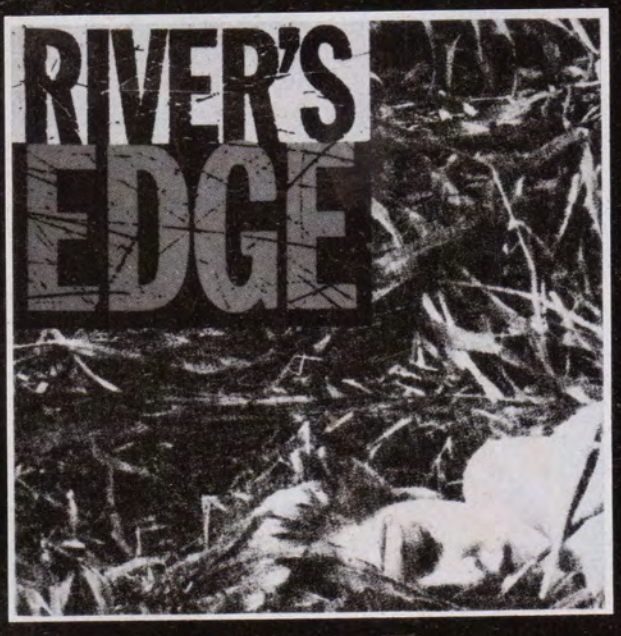

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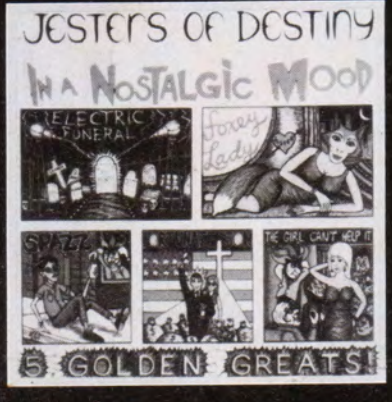

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REKORDZ

LOVE AND ROCKETS
'Earth, Sun, Moon'
(Beggars Banquet BEGA 84)
KKKKK

'WELL DOOMY, miserable stuff' quoth the exceedingly jolly Chris Welch when he reviewed Love And Rockets' 'The Light' single, dismissing 'em out of hand. Well, that was yours truly up in arms and up to putting pen to paper in defence of bassist David J, drummer Kevin Haskins and guitarist/vocalist/pretty boy Daniel Ash. This is talent, buster, and should be recognised as such.

Now our three main protagonists in this here passion play were once three quarters of Bauhaus, subliminal early exponents of Goth. But wrinkle not your noses, because L&R has nothing whatsoever to do with the big G, apart from the fact that the band makes heavenly music. Love And Rockets shed their skin aeons ago and metamorphosed into fully fledged hippies with enviable pride. The band's interest lies with Pink Floyd and their ilk, all dreamy and arty, playing around with sounds to affect the senses and triumphing through a very spartan feel.

Now I won't kid you. This is a more whimsical album than its predecessor, 'Express', where there was a brilliant amalgamation of brute power and refined restraint. There's certainly a larger emphasis on the acoustic side on 'Earth, Sun, Moon' but since when did I ever make judgements on the mere hardness of a record? That would be bozoish in the extreme. What you go for are the *songs*. You let them wash over you, soak through your pores and into your very being, and you cannot help but appreciate what's going on. It's an album to listen to, really listen to, to cherish as a work of art. And boy, there aren't too many of those around today!

So what's cool 'n' groovy beneath the 'Earth, Sun (and) Moon'? Well I kid you not, just about every musical morsel you can lay your hands on. There's breadth and variety, from the hardest track 'Mirror People' through the quirky Beatles feel of 'Lazy' on to my favourite track, the exquisitely beautiful 'Waiting For The Flood'. Danny Ash really is a talented geezer who has developed from one of the most innovative guitarists of the Eighties into a player of immense feeling and restraint. It's often what you *don't* play that matters as much as what you do!

Now I'm not making any claims that this will be everybody's cup o' rosie, but for anyone who's ever appreciated the whiff of patchouli oil, there's got to be more than a little interest for you in 'Earth, Sun, Moon'.

HOWARD JOHNSON

Pic Joe Bangay

QUEEN BEES

GYPSY QUEEN
'Gypsy Queen'
(Loop Records WPL500)
KKK½

TALK ABOUT having little new ground to tread in this day and age! Gypsy Queen, led by twin sisters Pam and Paula Mattioli, have taken three steps back only to wind up with a record that sounds as though it was recorded towards the tail end of 1979!

Not that I'm complaining. Nossir. Y'see I reckon that the classic North American rock sound has been somewhat overlooked of late, creating a void ready and waiting for the right band to come along and reap large rewards.

Are Gypsy Queen the right act to satisfy all the requirements?

To be brutally honest I don't think they fit that particular niche, even though super Seventies producer Jack Douglas (Aerosmith, Montrose, Cheap Trick, Starz etc.) has gone head over heels to put that stack heeled stomp on just about every song they have. It's an enjoyable, nay ball-tweaking record for sure, and I wouldn't wish to deny them that particular accolade for one moment, but what does worry me is that in order to be commercially effective it must, er, *lead* rather than follow trends.

Like me, you may first have got a whiff of Gypsy Queen's mesmerising Metal earlier this year at the Reading Festival where they played songs with long monologues, and where they failed dismally in the live environment, they actually work a treat on vinyl.

And the music? Prime time hard rock with tough rocking guitars, sturdy rhythm and bone crunching riffs. The vocals are pretty cataclysmic, characterised by the twin lead nature of Pam and Paula's deaf defying wails leading higher, at times, than Kate Bush! Side One carries the killer punch, giving little room for argument as it smashes concrete riffs to the ears in the form of 'Love Is Strange', 'I Can't Help It' and the Aerosmith-style swank of 'Hey', probably the strongest cut on the entire record.

Flip over and you'll be a shade disappointed. Here the songs drag, taking awkward side steps and generally making you wish you could get back to Side One. The best cut, between an inordinant amount of boring ballads, is arguably 'Who Are You', with its interesting yet rock solid arrangement and brilliantly produced sound effects (created in the main by super guitarist Pedro Riera).

A muscular introduction, but I get the feeling that next time, perhaps with a more contemporary sound, they'll make a cracker of an album. 'Til then . . .

DEREK OLIVER

THE SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND
'Portrait'
(Start STFL 1)
KKK

IF ALEX was alive today, I suspect the first thing the Glaswegian would have done upon seeing the drawing of himself on this album's cover would be to find the 'artist' responsible and 'put the head on' him. Whoever *put* the drawing on the cover would probably be next on the list.

Third in line for the 'Glaswegian kiss' might be the compiler of the tracks on 'Portrait'. The three obvious selections – 'Vambo', 'Faith Healer' and 'Delilah' – are here, of course. But considering the fairly substantial amount of material (several albums' worth) from which to choose the other eight tracks, the selection is remarkably uninspired.

The sleeve notes (rightly) point to the fact that '*Singles weren't really what the SAHB were about – it was their emotive and powerful albums . . .*' that offered the choicest cuts. Yet, along with the worthy inclusion of 'Delilah', the other two singles that the SAHB released – 'Boston Tea Party' and 'Gambling Bar Room Blues' – have also been included, at the expense of a couple of tracks that could have been *much* more representative of what made this excellent, imaginative rock band tick.

I always consider compilations to be aimed mainly at people who didn't catch a band first time around. Consequently, basic information like which album each track was taken from is, I reckon, an important part of the packaging. But Start Records (who they?) don't think along the same lines, ie it ain't 'ere.

If you are tempted to take a first taste of the Sensational Alex Harvey Band (which included the Ted McKenna/Chris Glenn rhythm section later to be found with Herr Schenker) I suggest you would be much better rewarded by going for one of the albums proper – say, 'Framed' or 'The Impossible Dream'. Because rather than being a 'Portrait' of one of the particularly colourful characters of '70s rock, this album turns out to be little better than a matchstick-man drawing.

PAUL HENDERSON

SIZZLE!

REFUGEE: gigantic leap forward in melodic accessibility

REFUGEE
'Burning From The Inside Out'
(Polydor Records 833 084-1 import)
KKKK

A POTTED history of Refugee would make fascinating reading yet, for now, we'll keep purely to basics. They're a Canadian band led by vocalist/songwriter Myles Hunter whose debut album 'Affairs In Babylon' slipped out on Chrysalis records sometime towards the tail end of 1985 to moderate critical praise and extensive sales in both Canada and Germany.

Primarily a vehicle for Myles Hunter's sensational songwriting ability, the band have now switched labels to Polydor and look set to make a more substantial impression than previously. The difference between this album and their debut is akin to the gigantic leap forward in melodic accessibility made by Bon Jovi's 'Slippery When Wet' LP as opposed to the moderately likeable '7800° Fahrenheit'.

Hitting harder and a lot heavier than before, the band seem somehow incredibly committed to every single note of music. Guitars crash around your ears like falling masonry and the drum sound is simply frightening. In fact, technically speaking, there's little to fault with anything here and every member of this five-man outfit works double time keeping things up and sparkling just like on those early Boston records.

Songwise you've got nine tracks of anthemic quality AOR swirling around the mix in a fashion not too dissimilar to the sort of passionate effect that Little Steven evokes. It's a wall of sound forged by Myles' captivating vocals supported by Rob Kennedy's triumphant guitar playing, underpinned by Brian Doerner's (Helix man Brent Doerner's twin brother!) pulsating drums and pomped up with Martin Jones' bouncing ballsy bass. Garnishing the entire wall of sound is the efficient and utterly dazzling synth attack of Howard Helm – a man who was once a member of Canadian pomp rock kings Zon.

Some of the better songs that you may wish to check out before purchasing are primarily the heavier cuts such as 'Survival In The Western World', 'Love Survivor' (actually very similar to Bon Jovi, this one) and the title track which I feel has the best arrangement since Tesla's recent 'Little Susie' single. Oh, and a special mention for 'Violence', a brooding song that feeds off startling atmospherics and a complex structure (watch out for the explosive guitar solo in the middle!).

This album is a solid achievement for a band that have been silent for far too long. Hopefully now with the enthusiastic backing of the Polygram organisation, Refugee will be given a chance to demonstrate just what a talented bunch of chaps they are. Live dates wouldn't go amiss either.

DEREK OLIVER

INXS
'Kick'
(Mercury MERH 114832 721-1)
KKKK½

THE THING that always bugged me about INXS was the way they bowled into view a while ago and seemed to *assume* imminent megastardom, while the media desperately jumped on the bandwagon and puffed out a fanfare that tried hard to mould the band into the kind of 'hip to like' outfit that U2 and Simple Minds have become.

"They're *massive* in Australia," we were told time and time again until we threw up at the mere mention of the wretched country. So what? Australia, you'll remember, is that glorified open-prison that gave us Rolf Harris.

Anyway, INXS are back with a new album after the kind of hiatus that would-be megastars seem to find obligatory, and no doubt we'll have the band shoved down our throats again. So is this the album to substantiate all the presumptuous 'bunny'? Will this be the platinum-seller in Europe that the Aussies no doubt expect it to be? And, more importantly, do those of you who like rock music with guts and power really give a toss?

I don't know. It's a good album alright, rawer, sparser and more R&B-influenced than its predecessor, 'Listen Like Thieves', and occasionally it teeters on the edge of greatness. But you always get the feeling that the band are capable of 'kick'-ing you harder than this, and tracks like the horrid ballad 'Never Tear Us Apart' (UGH!) only succeed in enhancing the puzzlement.

Nevertheless, 'Wildlife' and 'Calling All Nations' are good examples of what INXS do best, and as such succeed in the rather dodgy area of 'dance rock'. Funk-tinged with crisp guitar slashes, they're stained with blood, sweat and tears, and capture the real essence of the band.

'Guns In The Sky' with its simple, repetitive two-note riff and 'Mediate' with its hypnotic Hip Hop feel work quite well too – the latter a laudible lyrical achievement by keyboard player and guitarist Andrew Farriss, who manages to get every word in the song to end in '. . . ate', only forgetting to mention Forest Gate.

And then there's 'Need You Tonight', which takes a bit of a liberty with Queen's 'Another One Bites The Dust' but still manages to come up smelling of INXS.

But it's the 'black' feeling of 'Kick' that hits you most, with the '60s jive-influenced title-track setting an example, and 'The Loved One' – a bluesy, Stonesy *thang spiked with nasty*, serrated-edged guitars – following close behind. The band claim they've always tried to mix black and white music, so if 'Listen Like Thieves' was more of a 'white' album, I suppose the direction of 'Kick' could be seen as a deliberate reaction.

Whatever, INXS are evolving slowly and doing things *their* way, and I doubt if they'll stop until they emulate their native success on this side of the globe. So you might as well buy 'Kick' and get into the band now. That or seek refuge in Deathvine.

Please yourselves.

MARK PUTTERFORD

HEART
'Heart'
(Epic 4601 74-1)
KKK

BLIMEY! FOLLOWING the recent reissuing of two Heart albums – 'Dreamboat Annie' and 'Magazine' (by Capitol Records) – we're now confronted with 'Heart', yet another pre-Ron Nevison re-release. Originally put out in North America during 1980 in double album format titled 'Greatest Hits/Live', the UK version was stripped down to a cost efficient single album featuring a cross-section of material from both records. This re-issue is unaltered both visually and musically.

Putting aside the whys and wherefores of its reappearance, although you can't help but laugh, the album is a neat representation of Heart live in the raw, showing them to be a lot closer in style to Led Zeppelin than most would think. Why, there's even a magical tribute to John Bonham with a rather spiffing, not to mention rampaging, rendition of Zep's 'Rock And Roll' to contend with.

Good rocking tonight? Yeah, and what's more there's even a full frontal picture of deliciously pouting vocalist Ann Wilson. Fat or no fat, I still reckon she's the hostess with the mostest!

DEREK OLIVER

THE MACC LADS
'Bitter, Fit Crack'
(FM/Revolver WK FMLP 100)
KKK¾

WELL WELL well! I dunno quite what to make of this one! I certainly never thought these foul-mouthed, beer-swilling braggadacios would have made it to their second album of obscenity, but drown me in a pint of Boddington's if they ain't managed it by hook or by fook!

Now I always thought The Macc Lads were great value. For a start they got right up the noses of trendy 'save the whale' types who spend more time talking about do-gooding than actually doing anything! Then I thought they were clever buggers too for managing to be incredibly disgusting *and* funny and insulting to *everyone* so that no-one could complain! The whole appeal was in saying 'oh no, they can't put that on a record'. But they bloody have done.

Besides, there was always the get-out clause that it's a send-up of sexual (not sexist) behaviour! They would have been doing it perfectly this time around an' all, were it not for the album's closing track, 'Feed Your Face'. Saying that you wouldn't give money to the starving millions 'cos you're a Nazi just isn't funny and I think Muttley McLad has bitten off a bit more than he can chew this time around. When the man sticks to talking about his willy, getting the ale in and having 'a drink in every pub in town' then The Macc Lads are classic, a down-market, low budget Norvern version of Zodiac. I'm crying as I sup up at closing time 'cos they've gone and bodged it with that one stupid track. People might start believing you mean it on that one boys.

It really is a damn shame, 'cos The Beater has come up with some brilliant riffs for the likes of 'Guess Me Weight', 'Barrel's Round' (an ode to the band's obese roadie) and 'Julie The Schooly', while Muttley has some good 'n' gross lines in 'Maid Of Ale'.

Yeah, The Macc Lads are offensive, I'd be a prat and a liar to deny it, but it was funny and it was tongue-in cheek ('tho which cheek is hard to ascertain!). 'Feed Your Face' is in severe danger of losing the band a lot of fans who can see the laugh in talking about the basics of having a big willy, but who don't go a bundle on laughing at famine. Take it off the album, retract the statement and we can get back to the sexual gutter where The Macc Lads thrive and belong!

HOWARD JOHNSON

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HERE COMES THE FLOOD

THE SISTERS OF MERCY: Is Eldritch a genius? . . . Does the Pope pray?

THE SISTERS OF MERCY
'Floodland'
(Merciful Relase/WEA MR441L)
KKKKK

FOR THE past few days the only things that have passed through my stereo are 'Solitude Standing' by Suzanne Vega and 'Floodland' by The Sisters Of Mercy. Now, while these artists might appear poles apart in the great spectrum that is rock'n'roll, both Ms Vega and Mr Eldritch (who, along with new partner Patricia Morrison, IS The Sisters) overlap in an area that might best be described as thinking man's rock music.

Ms Vega writes beautiful acoustic melodies around which her waifish voice wraps stories of life's simple loves and observations; Andrew Eldritch produces music of an altogether harsher and denser hue which he then layers with his chillingly controlled vocals. And the connection? Both challenge the intellect, both compel the listener to really absorb the ambience they create, to delve deeply.

This is music for those not afraid to gaze down into the abyss for fear the abyss might be gazing back at them; these are songs for those out there by the left hand of Darkness . . .

When the last incarnation of The Sisters was purged, Eldritch, despite having gained absolute control, seemed locked onto a crash-course. The Sisterhood LP (his next venture), though conceptually brilliant, lacked the legitimacy his vocal performance would have given it (he produced and wrote it). And where were the lyrics? Perhaps former-Sister Wayne Hussey was right when he suggested that Eldritch had dried up.

And then he gave us 'This Corrosion'.

'This Corrosion', the first product to bear The Sisters name in two years, stormed up the charts and finally realised the commercial potential Eldritch had always promised. The song remains pivotal to the LP, containing pointers to other songs on the album as well as some of Eldritch's finest, if most obscure, lyrics:

"I got nothing to say I ain't said before
I bled all I can, I won't bleed no more
I don't need no-one to understand
Why the blood run hold
The highered hand
On hearts
Hand of God
Floodland and Driven Apart . . ."

So what does it all mean? Who knows? Maybe Eldritch does, then again maybe this is all just another of the man's jokes. Maybe the whole thing means nothing and he'll just laugh at all our attempts to explain away the mire of his lyricism. He once told me that people just didn't appreciate how much humour there was about The Sisters.

Jokes or not, Eldritch combines the unrelenting intensity of Doktor Avalanche's beat, rivetted to Ms Morrison's bass, with his own dark voice and imagery. In and out of this weave some sparse guitar lines, often acoustic as with the last Sisters LP. Then on the Jim Steinman produced tracks, 'Dominion' and 'This Corrosion' – coincidentally the album's best and heaviest tracks – the electric guitar takes over along with the New York Choral Society on the latter track.

But with this emphasis on the rhythm and vocal (and Eldritch has never been in better voice – strident and compelling on '. . . Corrosion', eerily transparent on 'Never Land'), just how heavy is this? Everything about this album, lyrically, is heavy-duty. And 'Dominion/Mother Russia', 'Lucretia My Reflection', 'This Corrosion' and 'Flood II' all make forays into the landscape of Heavy Metal. It's heavy enough.

'Floodland' is both The Sisters' and Eldritch's most fascinating work to date. Dense, intriguing, rewarding, Andrew Eldritch has produced a work that should prove both a critical and commercial success. 'Floodland' is an LP for the discerning listener, for anyone at the edge of the abyss. Look down now . . .

DAVE DICKSON

DIAMOND
'Diamond'
(Mijems Records MA-13 import)
KKKK

WIMPWIRE FANS will be no strangers to the magnificent potential of Diamond. Brought to your attention in a blaze of mind numbing journalistic masturbation way back in issue 145, yours truly described Diamond as accommodating a myriad of styles from no-holds-barred rockin' through to multi-textured pomp of the finest order. Funnily enough, that description still fits the bill quite adequately and what's more they've actually improved upon that format tenfold.

Probably the best thing about Diamond is that they are one of the few bands that actually sound really American. Yeah, I'm talking prime stars 'n' stripes pompola in the unshakeable fashion defined and exploited by the likes of Roadmaster, Angel and Rex. Don't go running away with the notion that they're a bunch of '70s throw backs sporting beehive haircuts and satin loon pants, because mixed in with the AOR fantasia is a more than major dose of '80s hard rock.

Indeed, there are a few guitar riffs that wouldn't be out of place on the last couple of albums by the Scorpions or Dokken. And what about the instrumental track 'The Inatome' featuring a Blackmore-esque baroque guitar solo that would probably have the great man rushing out in a fit of temper to sell his natty green leather sports jacket!

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Side One promotes material written a year or so ago when vocalist John West was in the saddle, and Side Two is completely up to date featuring the superior lung power of latest recruit Matt La'Mour. Check out the cut 'Rock The Nation', a suitably titled rocker which sniffs out the majesty of Deep Purple's epic 'Burn' riff and injects twice as much energy.

A class act well kitted out for major promotion at any time so I'd advise you to get stuck in whilst the going is a lot quieter.

DEREK OLIVER

JOHN NORUM
'Total Control'
(CBS 4602031 import)
KKKK

THERE'S A time and a place for everything so I'm told, and for John Norum that must surely be here and now.

Whether he was pushed or whether he jumped from the pouting bosom of Joey Tempest's Europe is neither here nor there (although I hope to be able to reveal the full details shortly) because one thing is perfectly clear; judging by this album's musical magnitude, John Norum needed the endorsement of Europe like a sledgehammer to the nuts!

So let me say now, hand on heart and all that tosh, that Norum is a perfect genius, a showman of extraordinary merit capable of fusing high-tech intelligensia with unlimited brutality. Yeah, a wickedly fast player for sure, and d'ya know what? There's not one sniff of a hit single here (a well-directed V-sign at Europe's namby pamby pop, I suspect!)

Stripped bare of all the little niceties we've come to expect from most hot Swedish rockers, Norum's album turns out to be a muso's haven reflecting the finer details of guitar gods such as Gary Moore, Yngwie J. Malmsteen and Allan Holdsworth. Heavy, like say Dio or maybe Led Zeppelin, there's no pussy-footing to be had except during the ballads, but even those tend to loom larger than life as Norum lets rip with ten tons of blinding licks and matching riffs.

So what's all the fuss about? Simple, dimples – there's enough guitar virtuosity here to satisfy both the casual observer and purists alike. Norum has struck a firm and fine balance between obsolete over-the-topness (viz Tony MacAlpine) and tasteful restraint, carving a sound that crushes as it surprises. There's no intense boredom, no continuous hour-long solos, just lots and lots of mind-numbing riffs, melodic hooklines and superb songs.

Surrounding Norum is a hot-bed of high calibre Swedish musicians including ex-Madison vocalist Goran Edman (although Norum himself takes lead vocals on some cuts) and Yngwie J. Malmsteen's original Rising Force bassist Marcel Jacob, who chips in several co-writing credits. A great team (there are others, but we'll talk about them some other time) that goes a long way to making one of the best heavy rock albums released so far this year.

Best tracks must surely include 'Love Is Meant To Last Forever', cheekily ripping the very heart out of Europe's mega hit 'The Final Countdown', the atmospheric Gary Moore-esque 'Too Many Hearts', 'Someone Else Here', built on an unusually melodic riff, and the instrumental 'In Chase Of The Wind', which commences with Spanish guitar before settling into an emotive fretboard showcase.

Also an offer is a spectacular and well-chosen cover version of Vinnie Vincent's 'Back On The Streets' (whether it's actually better than the original I'll leave you to decide for yourself), and 'Blind', a swell rocker that's very much a blatant rip-off of Zep's 'Black Dog' and Whitesnake's 'Still Of The Night' – only two hundred times better than either!

A fine album. DEREK OLIVER

BONFIRE
'Fireworks'
(MSA Records 2L 1518 import)
KKKK

WITHOUT WISHING to make an issue of the situation, I think it might be prudent to point out that 'Fireworks' is the type of monstrous melodic Metal album that both Keel and Dokken *should* have recorded recently instead of frittering away time and money on something a lot less hard-hitting. This is a diamond-hard rock album with enough razor-slashing riffs and rampaging rhythm work to make even the new semi-stunning Kiss album seem downright disappointing.

So who the heck are Bonfire? Well, all I know is that they're a four-man outfit (who don't appear to have a permanent drummer; Fifth Angel/Alice Cooper/Chastain man Ken Mary guests) from Germany, and that they put out a rather mediocre and somewhat under-produced debut album sometime last year. This time, however, the band have pieced together a simply wonderful record that manages to take spare parts from the Scorpions, Dokken, Ratt, Icon and Great White, blending them into a riotous mixture that'll leave you utterly speechless and, not surprisingly, completely overawed.

There's ten tracks on the album in total. I can't find fault with any single one, although there's the odd three or four that stand head and shoulders above the rest. The sound is brutish but the quality of the songs criminally above average, and with the added input of songwriters like Jack Ponti (the man who wrote Bon Jovi's 'Shot Through The Heart' classic) and Joe Lynn Turner, you can bet your life that there's big commercial rewards ahead.

My favourite cuts tend, not surprisingly, to be the melodic rockers like 'Never Mind' (weird George Lynch-style riffing), 'Don't Get Me Wrong', featuring superior vocal power by Claus Lessmann (no Germanic accent here!) and the incredible shout-it-pout-it 'American Nights'. Even the ballads are pretty groovy – stuff like 'Give It A Try' bleeds gallons of acoustic guitar, lots of nifty keyboards (by Martin Ernst) and benefits from simply gorgeous production (similar to White Lion) courtesy of the very much in demand Michael Wagener.

This record is a wonderful bundle of fun. DEREK OLIVER

Roger Waters

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(After Live Aid)

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EMI

SINGLEZ

Reviewed by MARK PUTTERFORD

FOREIGNER: 'Say You Will' (Atlantic)

Intense, exultant vocal performance from Lou Gramm on a ludicrously hitworthy production by Mick Jones, culled from their great new album 'Inside Information'. With the use of phasing and blasting orchestral sound it's the kind of record that will drive you mad on the nation's video juke boxes for months to come.

KISS: 'Reason To Live' (Vertigo)

Classy ballad from Kiss with a chorus not unlike Foreigner's 'I Want To Know What Love Is'. Should give Kiss a respectability after the embarrassing banality of 'Crazy Crazy Nights'. (Is that OK, Dante?!)

BRIAR: 'Frankie' (UK/PRT)

Like he's always telling us, Jonathan King is the World's Greatest Human Being, and without him I doubt if the music business would ever have existed. But although the man can obviously pull more strings than God when it comes to music (a gift he proves by getting fellow legends like Ozzy, Lemmy and Bruce Dickinson to guest in the 'Frankie' promo vid), I doubt if even *he* can make a megaband out of a bunch of unoriginal, faceless and totally average mortals like Briar.

Sister Sledge did it approximately 6,824 times better.

KING DIAMOND: 'No Presents For Christmas' (Roadrunner)

A suitably seasonal re-release from the Yuletide yodeller and crazed carol singer who could no doubt demolish your front porch within the first verse of 'Jingle Bells'.

This song is set to smash 'Bohemian Rhapsody' and Band Aid to become the biggest selling Christmas Number One of all time! Or maybe not.

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP: 'Cherry Bomb' (Mercury)

More of a wet party cracker than a bomb, but y'all know the kind of mellow, harmonica-blowing, acoustic-strumming, rocking chair-on-the-veranda stuff that ol' moany Mellencamp likes to go for these days, so you shouldn't be surprised.

'Paper In Fire' burned a lot brighter.

PRINCE: 'I Could Never Take The Place Of Your Man' (Paisley Park)

'Krusher' likes it. The dole office has been warned.

GIN SLING: 'Love Crazy' (Gin Sling)

Sling it.

DEF LEPPARD: 'Hysteria' (Bludgeon Riffola)

The London Weather Centre has asked me to moderate my views on Daft Leotard, thus averting the danger of flooding the entire area of NW1 with Alison Joy's tears. But I must say I *don't* think they're The Greatest Band Of All Time, Ever, In The History Of The Universe And Beyond. Not exactly.

Nevertheless, 'Hysteria' is just the kind of smooth, polished and pampered pop toon that'll please all the gooey girlies, and keep the band on The Poxy for the next four months.

(Memo to real fans: the 12-inch includes a re-working of 'Ride Into The Sun' and a live version of 'Love And Affection').

RUNAWAY: 'Times Change'/ 'Running (From My Heart)' (cassette)

Got a nicker'n'alf to spare? You might like to send it to 71 Willaston Rd, Sheldon, Birmingham and check out this quite promising effort from these beefy Brummies. Hard rock with plenty of melody . . . just how you like it.

GANG GREEN: 'We'll Give It To You' (Roadracer)

. . . And they sure do, ramming it down your lug 'oles like something too naughty to describe in a family rag like *Kerrang!* Brutal and quite possibly brilliant.

HEART: 'There's The Girl' (Capitol)

Of course it's melodic, of course it's catchy, of course it's well-produced, of course MTV will plug it to death . . . but is it as good as 'Alone' and 'Who Will You Run To'? Methinks not at this stage.

BAD NEWS: 'Cashing In On Christmas' (EMI)

Funnier than 'Bohemian Rhapsody' by far, this is in fact one of the silliest and most banal (ie finest) Xmas singles ever released. I'd take the cash and run before the joke wears off, guys.

MEGADETH: 'Wake Up Dead' (Capitol)

Steaming slab of 'Deth guaranteed to blast Del Boy's Wafflewire copy from here to eternity. Mega Metal (. . . and not even duff).

ICICLE WORKS: 'High Time' (Beggars Banquet)

. . . And Gene also loves chiming gutars and heartfelt choruses, if this sampler from the current 'The House Of Dolls' LP is anything to go by. Massive hit potential.

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GENE'S JUNK

THOUGHT YOU might like to hear our response to the Gene Simmons article in issue 160. Here goes. . . .

I dedicate this ditty
To the rock musik Queen
No, not Pat Benatar
But our very own Gene.
What a big TIT
So your interview shows
And look at that tongue
Twice as bad as his nose.
He rabbits on about
His exploits in bed
Personally I'd rather have
Playschool's Big Ted.
And who wants to know
About his crazy crazy nights
He's just a big queer
With his socks down his tights.
This waste of *Kerrang!* space
I cannot bear
You could have had
Mr Lee Roth in there
Look . . . I'm not slagging off Kiss
'Cos I think they're
TREMENDOUS
But as for Gene Simmons
He's f***ing HORRENDOUS.

Christine VD & Stevie Knickers, Belfast.

TERRIBLE TESTAMENT

RECENTLY I went to the Anthrax/Testament gig at the SFX, Dublin (30th Oct) and it was the best gig I have ever seen. Testament were f**king brilliant, but not a touch on Anthrax. However, the reason I'm writing this letter is to komplain about Alex Skolnick of Testament. During Anthrax's set, Testament's Chuck Billy and Alex Skolnick kame out into the krowd, and I went over and asked Alex for his autograph. He said, "No, piss off, kid." *He* called *me* a kid and he's not much older than I am. So I just said "F**k You" and walked away.

On stage he looks and fits in perfectly, but offstage he seems to be an arrogant bastard, and if he treats all his fans like this, they'll turn on both him and Testament very quickly.

So Alex, just because you're in an upcoming Thrash Metal group, it doesn't give you the right to talk to fans like this – after all, we're the ones who bought your album to get you where you are today. **Tony '666' Clifford, Lucan, Dublin, Ireland.**

DEATH OVERLOAD

WHILE READING the letter from "shamefully anonymous" of Widnes, Cheshire, and his outline for the ultimate pomp rock LP, I was reminded of the current Death Metal scene – where do they get *their* ideas for song titles?

I have compiled the ultimate Death Metal LP of all time. Brace yourselves!

AGGRESSIVE SIDE:
'Aggressive Destruction'
(Instrumental)
'Painful Death'
'Dark Insecurity'
'Aggressive Death'
'Insane Brutality'
'Dark Death'

DESTRUCTIVE SIDE:
'Insane Destruction'
'Brutal Darkness'
'Dark Aggression'
'Deadly Pain'

Album title: 'Death & Pain & Darkness & Insanity'.

There. Let Ian Dury top that! **Robert Hertweck, Minnesota, USA.**

KOMMUNIKATION

Say it loud to* Kerrang!, *Kommunication, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

FROST BITE

I NEVER thought I'd see a better gig than Slayer last April, or the Metallica 'secret gig' at the 100 Club, but on 31st October I was proven wrong.

Celtic Frost have long been my favourite band on vinyl, but for some unjustified reason I doubted they would be as 'majestic' onstage without french horns, operatic 'moanings' and the violin playing of Eva Cieslinsky and Malgorzata Blaisjewska Woller.

Until they began playing, I did not think they would be able to follow the magnificent performance of Kreator (incredible renditions of 'Awakening Of The Gods' and 'Gongland'). However, the opening bars of 'Usurper' nearly broke down the entire molecular structure of my body – I know now what to expect when the bomb is dropped. I was rooted to the spot in sheer awe, until my brain managed to interrupt my transfixation and make me realise I was missing out Thrashin' to the heaviest thing on this planet.

I needn't go into detail about every song played, for all of them were as incredible (or more so, in the case of 'Return To The Eve' and 'Circle Of The Tyrants') as the first, and Ron Marks is indeed the right man for the Frosties. I still live in awe of the whole concert. So read this, organisers of summer festivals, and make sure Celtic Frost have a slot somewhere on a bill next August 'cause I know I can't wait over a year for my next Frost bite. **Mike "Morbid Storyteller" Glover, avid fan of the mighty Frost, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.**

ANTHRAX DROP A CLANGER

I DON'T mean to be a grump or atmosphere hoover, but Anthrax's long-awaited gig in Belfast on Halloween night was ruined by their showing of an Ulster flag and the playing of 'God Save The Queen'. To an already sensitive crowd this action was uncalled for, and served only as a good piece of s**t stirring. The only time people in Northern Ireland can enjoy themselves is at a musical gig, and I am sure many people agree that in the future all groups who get the balls to play Belfast should take the delicate situation into consideration. **C. McIlvenny, N.I.**

SECURITY SHAME (I)

RECENTLY, MY girlfriend and I went to see Guns n' Roses at the Bristol Colston Hall. They were superb, and support act Faster Pussycat were equally excellent.

It is not the bands I have written to you about, but what happened *after* the gig. We both left the hall very satisfied indeed, but as we stepped outside we were approached by four men claiming to be security (obviously they were not, judging by the way they were dressed). These people then accused me of 'troublemaking' inside the concert. I told them this was nonsense, but they dragged me away by my hair to a nearby alleyway where I was continually punched and kicked. After a few moments I was slashed with some sort of knife and again beaten, this time with a heavy object. I fell unconscious.

I awoke to find myself lying on a hospital bed where I had spent the whole night. A nurse approached me and told me I had a broken nose, cracked ribs and a series of stitches down my face (sixteen to be exact). I was later told (and this hurt me more than anything else) that my girlfriend had been raped by all four men, in turn.

Now obviously these people must be mentally disturbed to carry out such a horrific attack as rape. They have totally wrecked my girlfriend's life. She feels dirty and unclean, and will not walk the streets alone again. Both our families have been through sheer hell just thinking about it, and my girlfriend has been through a lot of agony recalling the happenings of that night for police information.

She has been able to recall one of the four men and the police are anxious to trace him. He is about 5' 10", has a mohican type of haircut and is nicknamed 'Pixie'. If any readers recognise this description, please contact me at the following address. I assure you that your call will be taken in the strictest of confidence and you may remain unnamed. **J. Leyshon, 2 Maerdy View, Rhymney, Gwent. Tel: (0685) 842341.**

SECURITY SHAME (2)

I AM writing in disgust at the recent Anthrax shows at Bradford and Sheffield. My complaints aren't about the band, who were brilliant, but about the security.

I may be wrong, but I thought the gigs were for the benefit of the fans. Now I'm not so sure – maybe the gigs are arranged so that the psychopaths from Rent-an-ape (J. T. Securities at the gigs mentioned above) can practice mugging techniques on defenceless victims? The sight of someone with a footprint on his face or a gashed forehead is not funny, and even less so is the outline of a knife in a security guard's pocket. The massive police presence outside Sheffield City Hall was unnecessary and served no purpose other than to upset the crowd, who, quite naturally, resented being watched like criminals.

Metal fans should continue to attend gigs to show that they are a force to be reckoned with, and a force that should have the right to remain unmolested after paying to attend gigs. Finally, I would like to congratulate the stage-divers at Sheffield who weren't intimidated by the continuous harrassment, and to thank the girls who brightened up a dull afternoon. **Martin the water pistol warrior, Doncaster.**

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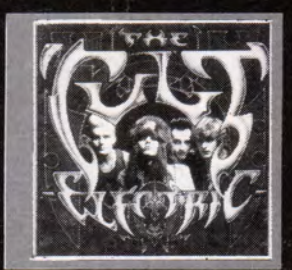

ELECTRIC

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Holy Diva

Since recording her first album at 17, LISA DALBELLO has been doing things her way, refusing to bow to outside pressure. HOWARD JOHNSON talks 'n' tangos with the Canadian singer who recently played her first UK dates with Marillion.

LISA DALBELLO. It's unlikely that many of you will have heard of the Canadian singer/songwriter before her recent set of dates under the wing of Marillion, but I bet you'll be aware of her now, if you managed to catch her opening slot. If you were thick-skinned enough not to cock an appreciative ear to her musical prowess, then I'm sure you couldn't help but notice the striking figure and looks of the 28 year old.

Yet the intriguing thing about Dalbello is that here before us is no air-head, air-brushed beauty with a squeaky girlie voice, big tits and precious little else. Nope, Dalbello is a lady of quite prodigious musical talent with a very sussed appreciation of the pitfalls of the music business and a tight reign on that all-important 'artistic integrity'.

Although she's hardly striven to heighten her UK profile before now, Dalbello's been working hard at her art for a good many years. After all, you don't know as many answers as she undoubtedly does by glancing at the industry overnight! Our Lisa's been singing since the pre-pubescent age of 13, trying to force herself into the entertainment industry without a notion in her pretty little head of how to do it.

"I used to go for auditions for TV talent shows that were truly tacky," she winces, "and I had some mad idea that I'd be noticed and something would happen. I didn't even know that the idea was to get a record deal. I thought that maybe I'd . . . er . . . end up running a club or something because I was a singer! Boy, was I ever naive!"

And that naivete didn't really leave the aspiring starlet for a good many years, not even when she found herself straight out of high school aged 17, ensconsed in a studio in Los Angeles recording an album for MCA.

"I had real problems," she confesses. "I didn't read or write musical notation. I write my own music but I have no idea what goddamn chords are which, but in those days I was trying to articulate exactly what I wanted to musicians who spoke in a musical language that I didn't have a clue about. The end result was that I ended up taking a backseat and making a really fluffy album that I hated."

DALBELLO: man, woman or band?

Needless to say, it didn't sell and the young Dalbello was hastily removed from the label.

Having the advantage of a real pretty face helped Lisa back into recording ways and she signed with a little known Canadian indie label. This second album scored her some pop success in her home market and led to a deal with Capitol, where Lisa recorded a third album which she once again dismisses as pap. And that could easily have been the end of it.

However, Lisa Dalbello is made of much stronger stuff than that; a continuing dalliance with blandola wasn't on, and neither was the idea of knocking music on the head and going nine-to-five. At this point Ms. Dalbello got lucky.

"Yeah, *really* lucky," she laughs. "I was signed by Capitol in '79 when the music business was pretty much of the old school mentality. You took an artist and you worked him or her. I had a very good personal relationship with my A&R man and he could see that I was starting to question the whole idea of who I was.

"He knew that I wasn't happy with the idea of a glossy pin-up who was air-brushed to perfection with music to match. I really needed time off to discover who I was, to catch up on the teenage years that I'd missed and decided what I really wanted to do."

AMAZINGLY ENOUGH for a record company, Lisa was allowed to take all the time she needed to sort herself out and ended up sitting out of music class for three whole years. So how did she make ends meet?

"Well, I was fed up with the music business but I still enjoyed singing, so . . ." she holds up her hands in an act of confession "I did jingles!"

She laughs, a slightly embarrassed laugh.

"But I swear that it wasn't that bad. Canada really does have the hippest jingles and when people realised that I would be singing the numbers they wrote the hippest things because I've got a kinda strange voice. It worked out really well because I wanted as much time at home as possible and that way I only had to go into the studio for an hour a day. I didn't earn a lot of money because jingles don't make big bucks in Canada like they do in America, but I could get by."

Not knowing what course her life would take, or indeed if she ever would return to her role as a recording artist, Lisa kept that artistic hand well blessed by jotting down her thoughts and observations in a notebook and by tinkling around at home with a porta-studio.

It was purely by chance that the relatively unknown songstress was dragged back into the music biz maelstrom, and though the most unlikely of mediums to boot.

"Mick Ronson was in the country producing a lot of Canadian bands at the time when the CBC was broadcasting a series about the evolution of Canadian rock music. He happened to walk past a TV in the studio lobby when they were showing some film of me performing in '78 and he thought he saw something interesting. Mick always works on instinct so he asked the engineer who I was and called me up totally out of the blue."

Which must have been some surprise!

"Well, you're gonna think that I'm a real idiot when I tell you this, but I honestly didn't know who Mick Ronson was! I was one of those teenagers who just listened to the records on the radio and never knew anything about who was making them! Anyway, Mick said he really liked my voice and that my band at the time was f**kin' awful – which it was. He asked me if I had any new music knocking about and things simply took off from there."

Ronson proved a catalyst for the emerging quirky precociousness of Dalbello's new, thoughtful material and a partnership was born! What was the ingredient that he provided that you didn't possess before?

"Confidence," she states firmly. "The thing was, Mick came over to my house and heard the tapes of what I'd done

and loved them the way they were. I was limited by my lack of finance so I had to do weird things like put my vocals through a guitar amp which made for a distorted vocal sound. But he said that my character was imprinted on the tapes and all we had to do was transfer the self-same ideas to a better quality of tape!

"I was really happy to meet someone who believed in what I was doing and it was a great experience working on the album with Mick. We did all the production and playing ourselves and we really enjoyed it, but we thought we'd have to shop the tapes around cos we figured that Capitol sure as hell wouldn't release it. It was way too different from anything I'd done before, but they really amazed me when they said they wanted to go with it!"

And this is really the point where I came in . . . or should I say where Lisa came into my world. 'Who-Man-Four-Says', the album she's been describing, was passed on to me by the departed Paul Suter and was an absolute revelation.

FIRST OF all the record sleeve looked bloody odd. A close-up of a face masked with tribal warpaint and an album title that I couldn't work out for three years! It transpires that the monicker is a phonetic reading of 'Human Forces', so there you have it!

And the music? Well, it was as hard as the image to pin down – a fiendishly clever hybrid of funk, rock, disco and electronic music all held in place by the tight bodice of Dalbello's quite superb vocal instrument. The girl has got it without a shadow of a doubt. She can pull and twist her vocal chords in every direction, switching from dramatic understatement too full-blown bellow within the twinkling of an eye. It really is some voice, and songs of the calibre of 'Animal', 'Path Of Least Resistance' and 'Guilty By Association' are the perfect vehicle for the woman's talent.

"I still love that album," Dalbello beams, "because it stood on its own merits. I dropped my first name and covered my face in the make-up so people wouldn't know if Dalbello was a man or a woman or a band. People could judge only on what they heard.

"Yet the cover also reflected the contents of the record. It was all about the interaction between men and women, how barriers and masks are put up to protect yourself and how you can't keep a barrier up all the time. That's why the mask on the sleeve is imperfect, it's chipping!"

Of course, merely having the record out was only hurdling the first of many obstacles in the quest to get Dalbello music heard.

"We found it real hard to get any airplay," she snorts, "because a lot a programmes still had the old image of me in their minds. They couldn't get a grip on the fact that I'd been away for three years and in three years people change. I'd grown up. The record was really well received critically but any sales that I picked up were purely through the printed word or by word of mouth."

It's certainly true that 'Who-Man-Four-Says' wasn't exactly tailor-made for American radio and Lisa found herself heading to Europe, making a base in London but working almost exclusively in Germany, where the much-vaunted madcap Udo Lindenberg took the fledgling under his wing and toured with Dalbello in tow. Surely Capitol weren't over-enthralled by this oblique angle of entry into the mainstream!

"Dunno," smiles Dalbello, "but I've always had to do things my way or not at all. There has never been any pressure from the record company simply because I wouldn't allow it."

Something that is very evident on the new album that the lady has just recorded. When I ask who produced Lisa raises her hand, school-girl fashion, to admit that it was her.

"I really couldn't find anyone suitable to do the job so I saved up enough money and cut one song producing myself. I didn't want the record company to know it was me because I thought I'd have a lot of hassle being allowed to do it. So I invented this guy, Bill Da'Salio, which is an anagram of my name, and pretended that he'd done it.

"I played them the new song and they loved it, said I should've been working with someone like Bill years ago!

"So I went away to do the album myself, and every so often the record company would pop down and ask where Bill was. I'd always have to say he wasn't there yet! It was really funny but eventually I told Capitol and they laughed too!"

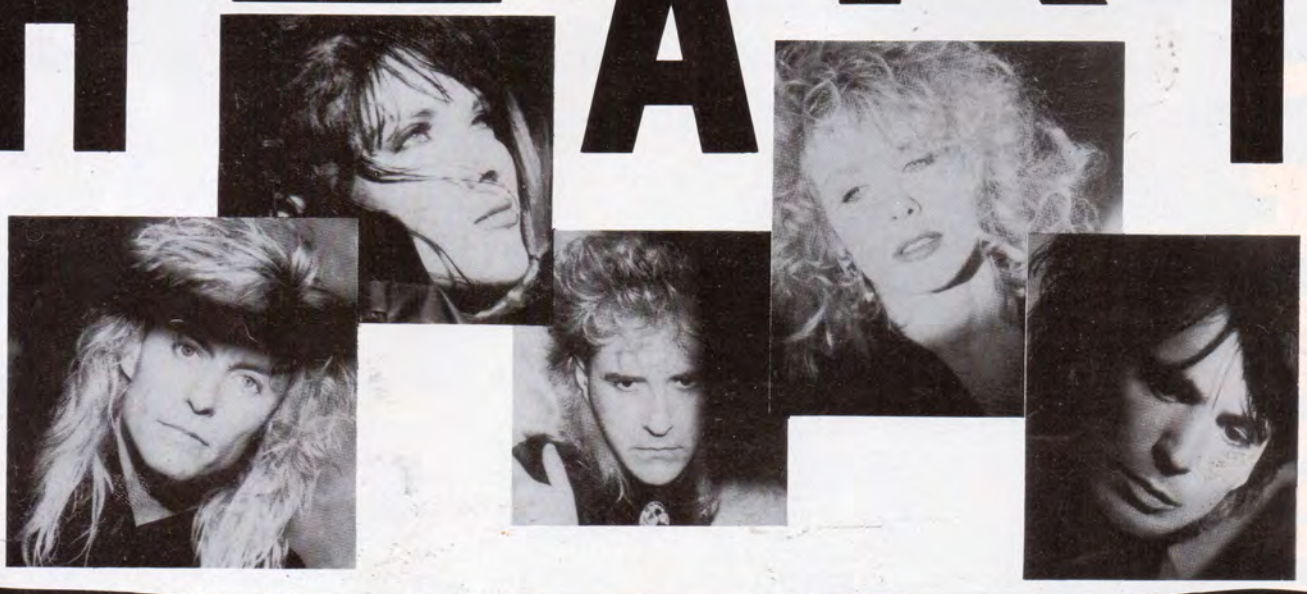
AND WITH this new album ('She') due to be realised in the New Year, '88 could well be Lisa's finest hour! The record still highlights her own unique style with gorgeous numbers such as 'Black On Black', 'Baby Doll' and 'Intimate Secrets', but as she herself agrees, the arrangements and song structures are way more simple, simple enough to appeal to the corporate big wigs but still Dalbello enough to more than merit your attention.

And, of course, a European tour with Marillion, those rock 'n' roll gentlemen, to promote the album's first single, 'Tango', will do much to heighten her profile. After all, these represent Lisa's first ever British dates!

"I've met Fish and I always seem to have plenty to talk about with him," she says. "We're both into poetry and literature."

But are you into bevvying like the big Scotsman, I wonder? Still, no matter, doubtless Marillion's broadminded following will embrace the delightful Dalbello with open arms. After all, other musicians haven't been slow to recognise her talent. Heart have just covered 'Wait For An Answer' on their mucho successful 'Bad Animals' LP ("I couldn't believe they did it the way I originally recorded it – no Americana triad chord structures!") and Queensrÿche of all people made a hash of 'Gonna Get Close To You'. Nobody does it better than the lady herself, however, and if you don't give a pretty face a musical chance then you're the loser.

HEART



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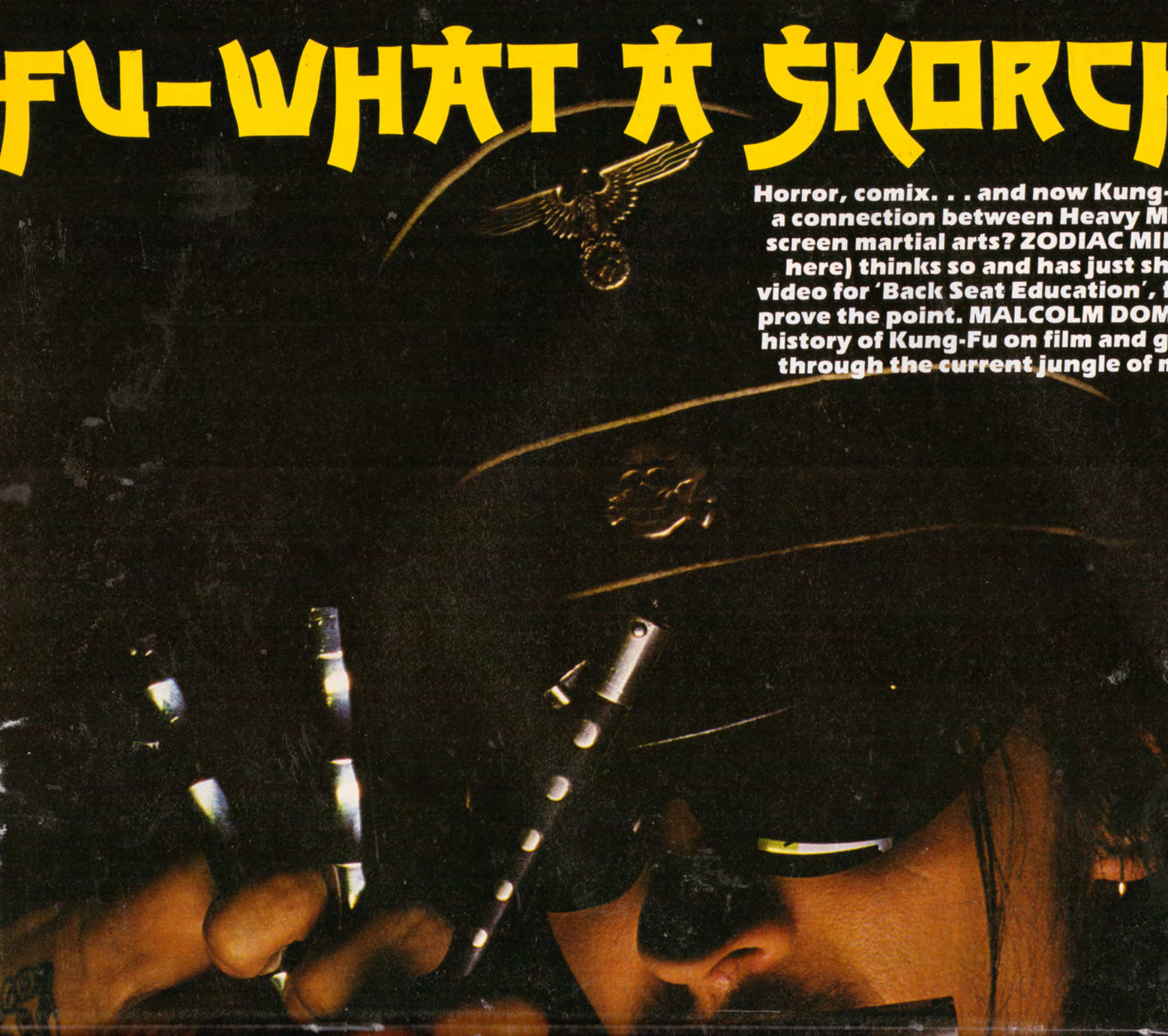
FU-WHAT A SKORCHER!

Horror, comix. . . and now Kung-Fu movies? Is there a connection between Heavy Metal and the silver screen martial arts? ZODIAC MINDWARP (pictured here) thinks so and has just shot a promotional video for 'Back Seat Education', filled with Ninjas to prove the point. MALCOLM DOME looks back at the history of Kung-Fu on film and guides the beginner through the current jungle of martial arts videos



"The only people who face up to reality are those too stupid to duck when they see it coming!" – **obscure film dialogue**

"I regard Kung-Fu movies as innocently cruel." – **Zodiac Mindwarp**

"Y'know what my idea of heaven would be? Fishing out in the middle of the ocean with a bottle of Jack Daniel's on one hand, a beautiful blonde on the other . . . and a Kung-Fu video on the TV screen!" – **Jack Russell (Great White lead vocalist)**

NO-ONE DISPUTES the role of horror movies in the world of hard rock. Those who don't actively worship the genre of corpuscles and shredded flesh at least acknowledge its potency.

And who now would argue that comix play a significant role in many lives, from Scott 'Not' Ian of Anthrax through to Robbin Crosby of Ratt! But Kung-Fu movies . . . now that's a new strand in the weaveworld, right? What on earth has this to do with hard rock?!

Actually, more than would perhaps at first seem to be the case. There are many top rock stars who eagerly snap up all

manner of martial arts movies, sitting in the quiet of their own palatial pot holes running endless reams of bungled dialogue, ham-fisted acting and some of the most breathtaking choreography you'll see this side of Busby Berkeley.

Now, though, it's all coming into the open, thanks to the video for the new Zodiac Mindwarp single 'Back Seat Education'. Filmed on location over two days in the dockland area of London (!), this is very much a Kung-Fu/Ninja classic, taking in scenes of all manner of Ninja weaponry and fight sequences that will perhaps be a portent of things to come.

At last, the hard rock world will have to come to terms with the demands of Kung-Fu. There is no turning back, Zody has set a trend I'm certain others will follow.

"IT WAS a combination of me and my manager Dave Balfe who first spawned the idea," explains Zody. "Like everything else I came up with a few suggestions, he said they were s**t, then went away and made 'em work.

"It was tremendously thrilling for me and we actually used nine of the top martial arts experts in the country on this video. They were just brilliant.

KONTINUEZ PAGE 30

"On the first of the two days of shooting I showed one of the Ninja guys some of my moves and he just laughed at me! I never picked up a stick again."

Pic Ray Palmer

FU-WHAT

FROM PAGE 28

You'd expect them to be really aggressive and formidable, but on the contrary they were very gentle and easy to deal with. But then, when you're the best you've nothing to prove, right?

"Myself and the band spent ages practising with all sorts of Ninja sticks and knives in the weeks before the shoot, and we'd come into the studio full of bruises afterwards and I thought we were getting rather good. Anyway, on the first of the two days of shooting I showed one of the Ninja guys some of my moves and he just laughed at me! I never picked up a stick again."

The video was directed by Brian Ward and, according to Zody, is subtitled 'Deep S**t In Gerard Street', in honour of the '86 movie 'Big Trouble In Little China', one of a recent spate of major US company films to try and bring Kung-Fu back to the UK cinema chains as a major commercial proposition.

It's been some 15 years or so since the first wave of Kung-Fu movies swept the West. Bruce Lee (one of Zody's heroes) was the man responsible. His oriental good looks, martial expertise, acting deftness and sheer charisma made him a star before he died in what some might term as mysterious circumstances in 1973.

Yet, he's still very much revered and his most famous movies ('The Big Boss', 'Fist Of Fury', 'Enter The Dragon' and 'Way Of The Dragon') are still big draws on video.

"I got addicted to these films when I was at art college," said Zody.

"The first Kung-Fu movie I ever saw was 'The Big Boss'. Bruce Lee just hooked me and I still vividly recall one scene when a number of knives are thrown at him . . . and he just kicks 'em straight back at his assailants! Brilliant.

"One of the Ninjas we used for the 'Back Seat Education' video has a girlfriend who apparently knew Lee. She said he was a speed freak, which kinda figures."

WITH BRUCE LEE movies getting wide screenings in the West, the Hong Kong cinema industry suddenly found their products much in demand over here and in the US. Lee was followed by the likes of Lo Lei ('King Boxer' being his big success), Wang Yu ('One Armed Boxer' and 'Golden Swallow') and David Chiang ('The New One Armed Swordsman').

Audiences flocked to see this phenomenon and even top Hollywood and UK film studios began to take notice of the genre. Indeed, a number of movies were made featuring collaborations between the East and West.

Leading the pack was the hugely influential 'Enter The Dragon', a major box office stinger that matched Lee with Chuck Norris, Jim Kelly and John Saxon.

There was also 'The Legend Of The Seven Golden Vampires', co-produced by Seven Arts and Hammer, which had Draculaesque tendencies woven into a Kung-Fu plot. It starred top Hong Kong actor David Chiang alongside Julie Ege and Peter Cushing. Wang Yu (regarded in the early '70s as second only to Bruce Lee on the homegrown box office front) became Jimmy Wang Yu and made a movie with former James Bond George Lazenby.

In addition, both Golden Harvest and Shaw Brothers (the top top studios in Hong Kong) turned out movies at a remarkable rate, almost reminiscent of the early days of Hollywood. And the cinema-going public couldn't get enough of 'em. The 'Kung-Fu' TV series starring David Carradine also helped to fuel the furnace. But, inevitably, the bubble burst and audiences dwindled in the West for this type of movie, whilst the genre remained the biggest single earner in Hong Kong.

However, Kung-Fu movies were still being shown in clubs and specialist cinemas both here and in the States, attracting a loyal following as hardcore fans got into the more obscure films. With an absence of mainstream necessity, it meant that Kung-Fu movies could be enjoyed undiluted.

So, what kept audiences coming to these movies? To my mind it's a combination of inputs. Firstly, as adventure movies they stand as the only pure escapism currently being manufactured. Hollywood and the Western cinema in general has lost its capacity to make simple, naive adventure films, where 'the goodies' are pure white and 'the baddies' are merely pantomime evil.

The Hong Kong film industry, though, has that precious ability, making it virtually unique in today's world.

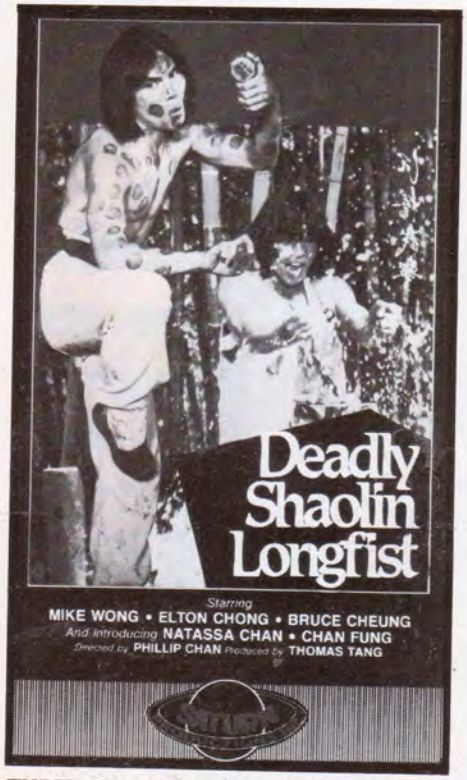
Secondly, the degree of expertise and sophistication put into choreographing the fight sequences is breathtaking. I've yet to come across any other movie genre that contains quite the same level of complexity, high-speed camera work and rapid-fire movement in fight scenes. It really is ballet taken to a furious extreme that has to be admired.

Thirdly (and now we enter the portals of kitsch), the scripts are so banal as to be works of genius, whilst the dubbing is plain atrocious, stilted and misconstrued. Add to this the fact that the actors ham it up to a ridiculous degree of over-emphasis and cardboard cut out caricatures abound and you have the perfect formula for a good laugh – everything is done with such an intensity of seriousness, as if Shakespeare is being performed, that it collapses into a helpless pit of unintentional laughter. These really are prime examples of movies being so bad they're hilariously brilliant!

THE COMBINATION of these factors makes for an overblown sense of larger-than-life characterisation that really does bring to mind the best of HM, hence the connection.

There is also, as Zody explains, another level.

"There is a terrible beauty about these movies. A mystique that goes very deep. I've gotten into them far beyond the mere kitsch level and have actually begun to read about Japanese society and the life of the Samurai etc. In fact, I can't wait to get to Japan and visit all the temples. I've also got an introduction to one of the top Japanese tattoo artists. When you meet him you have to sit quietly for 30 minutes before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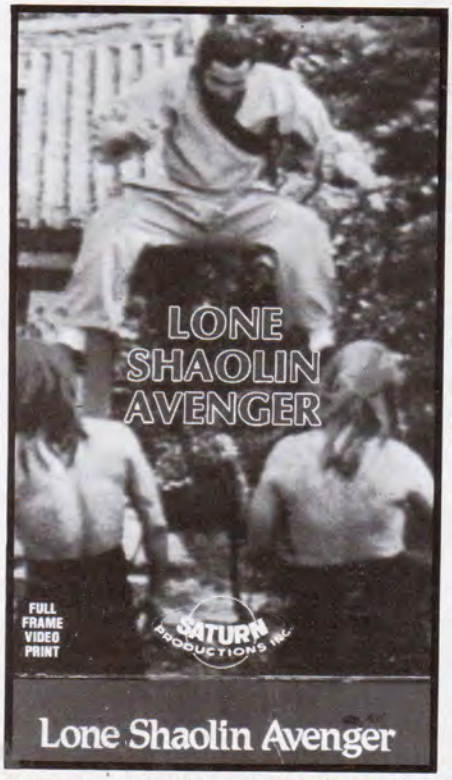


***THREE PRIME** examples of Kung-Fu videos: any Kung-Fu movie/video with the word 'Shaolin' in the title is always worth checking out*

being allowed to speak out of respect . . . it's an amazing culture.

"A lot of the Kung-Fu films also have that fairy tale element in them. They're fun to watch and rather like comics have that escapist angle. You can get lost in 'em. I feel sorry for people who dismiss 'em as rubbish because they obviously can't suspend reality and just immerse themselves in fantasy."

This is no more than an introduction to the world of Kung-Fu movies, something designed to prove that for the average hard rock fan there's much to appreciate in their art, craft and nonsense.

The question now is: what do you do about following up your interest? Well, these days many video shops carry a list of Kung-Fu titles, so you'll have no trouble in finding footage for your TV screen. As Zody says:

"There are thousands on offer. Personally I always go for ones with the word 'Ninja' in the title. I can sometimes watch ten in a week if I'm in the right mood."

I'd recommend that you check out the Bruce Lee flicks as an introduction and then search out any of the following: 'Dragon Lee Vs. The Five Brothers', 'Lone Ninja Warrior', 'Lone Shaolin Avenger', 'Shogun Assassin', 'Swordsman With An Umbrella', 'Golden Swallow' (also known as 'The Girl With The Thunderbolt Kick'), 'Born Invincible' and 'The Cavalier'.

In addition, any video with the word 'Shaolin' in the title is probably going to be worthy. Moreover, Toby Russell (younger brother of Xavier and an acknowledged expert on these matters) is presently importing videos through his company Video Marquis. These are titles to put on the list.

But avoid all the Jackie Chan movies being shown on the big screen and be very careful about Ninja films in your local cinema, most are exploitative and have little to offer.

And there's also an excellent graphic novel on the market called 'Kogaratsu – The Lotus Of Blood', published by Acme Press. Fine art allied to a classic Martial Arts tale of vengeance and murder in 17th Century Japan.

Now, if you wanna discover what all the fuss is about without spending any money, then I'd suggest that you check out 'Empress Wu', a seventh century Hong Kong equivalent of 'Dynasty' screened every Sunday at 2pm on Channel 4.

Hopefully, we'll soon see Kung-Fu movies become an accepted part of the Metal world in the same manner as comix and horror, and certainly footage such as 'Back Seat Education' can only help. Will we, therefore, see other bands taking up Zody's lead?

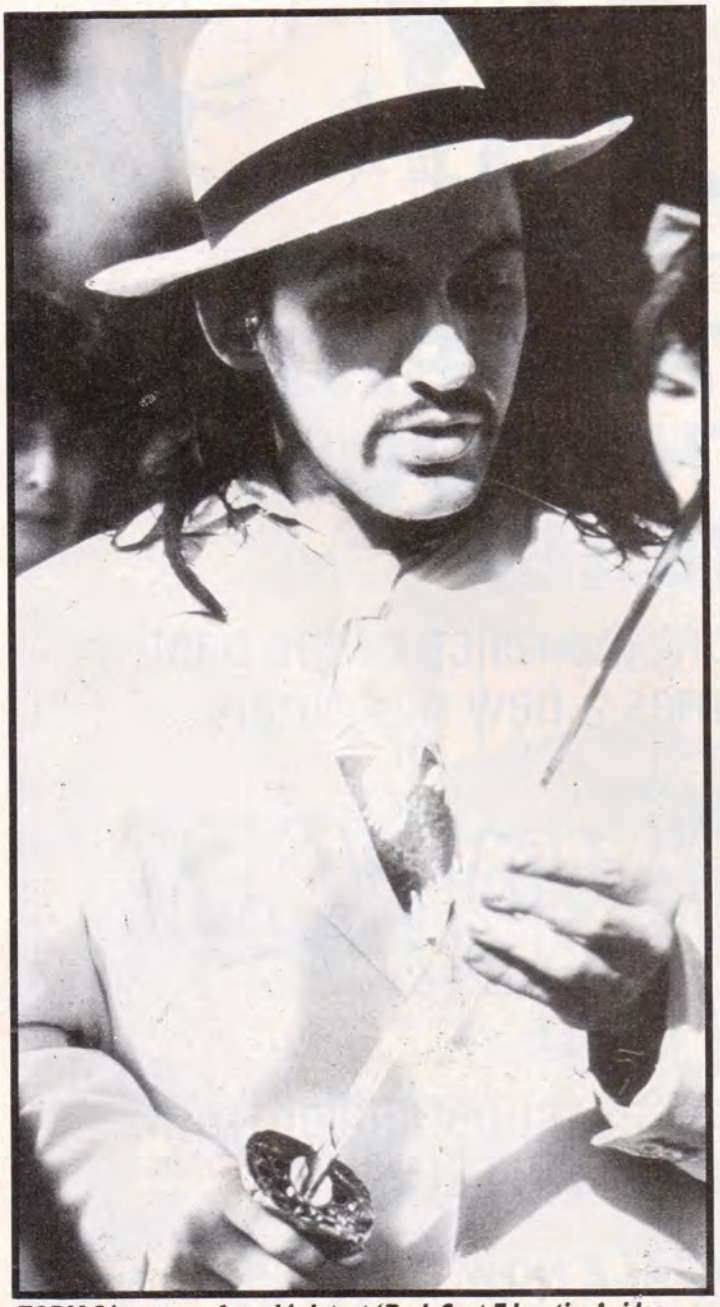
"I hope so. We're planning to use the Ninjas again in future videos. Just having them appear briefly, as it were. I was hoping that this video would have had a bit more blood and a few heads being chopped off more in the vein of a real Kung-Fu movie, but the powers-that-be objected to that idea because it wouldn't get shown anywhere. They did promise that we could do an X-rated version with all the blood etc., but this never happened.

"I would love in the future to go to Hong Kong and do a video with a real Kung-Fu director, but that costs so much money that at the moment it's out of the question. One day, though . . ."

LOOK, LIKE I said, this is merely flicking the surface of a complex genre, but I hope it's given you an insight into a new world with fresh horizons.

And if you need any more persuasion, then perhaps I should just mention the names of a few hard rockers who are fanatics of the Kung-Fu movie genre: Jack Russell (Great White), Wendy O. Williams and her manager Rod Swenson, Zody obviously and several members of the *Kerrang!* team.

Would you like to join us?!



ZODIAC in a scene from his latest 'Back Seat Education' video

'KOGARATSU': EVEN comix are being infiltrated by the martial arts!

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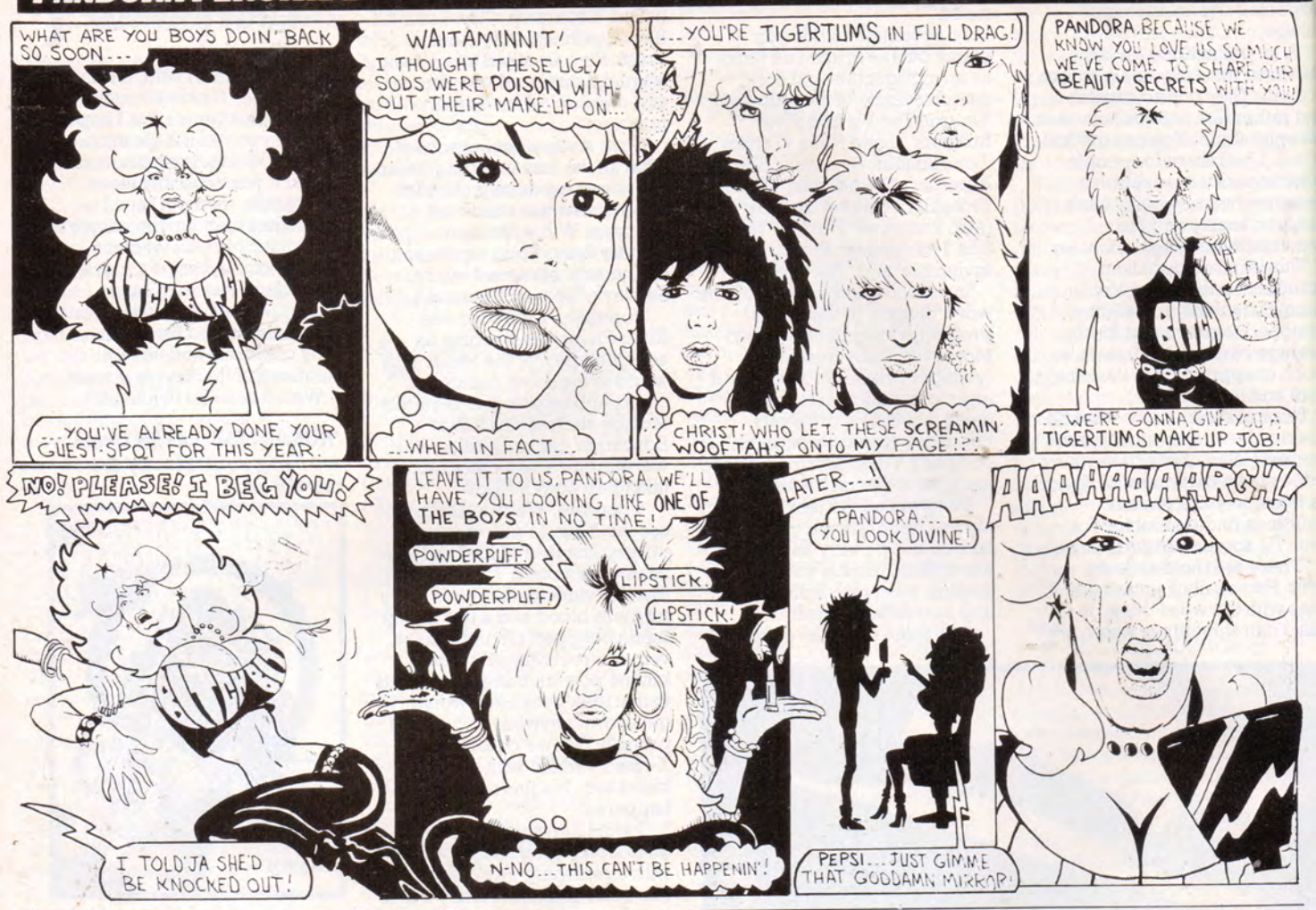
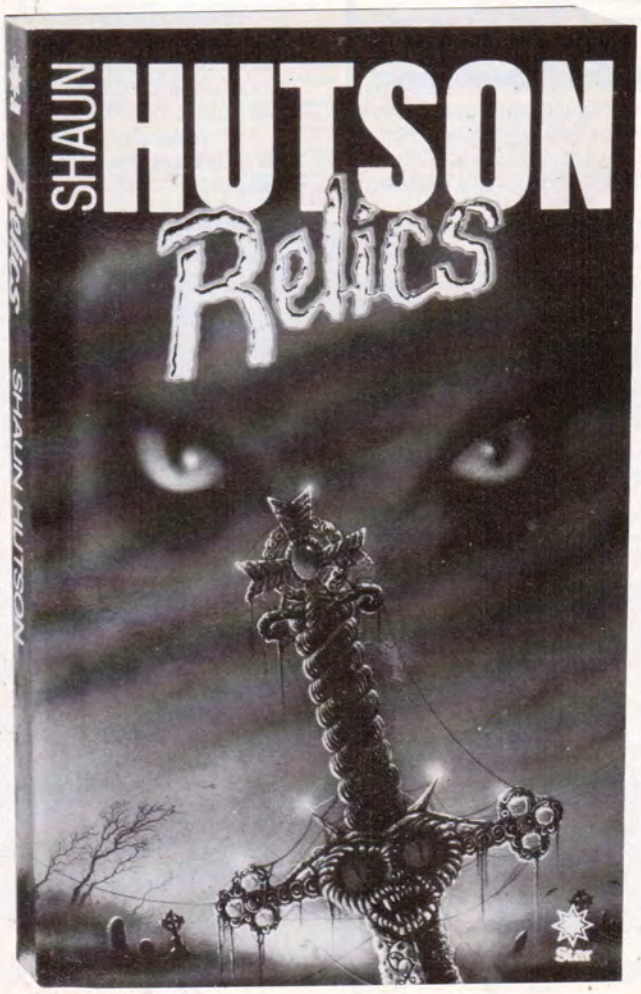
by Ray Zell


WHAT ARE YOU BOYS DOIN' BACK SO SOON...
...YOU'VE ALREADY DONE YOUR GUEST-SPOT FOR THIS YEAR.
WAITAMINNIT! I THOUGHT THESE UGLY SODS WERE POISON WITHOUT THEIR MAKE-UP ON...
...WHEN IN FACT...
...YOU'RE TIGERTUMS IN FULL DRAG!
CHRIST! WHO LET THESE SCREAMIN' WOOFTAH'S ONTO MY PAGE!?!
PANDORA, BECAUSE WE KNOW YOU LOVE US SO MUCH WE'VE COME TO SHARE OUR BEAUTY SECRETS WITH YOU!
...WE'RE GONNA GIVE YOU A TIGERTUMS MAKE-UP JOB!
NO! PLEASE! I BEG YOU!
I TOLD'JA SHE'D BE KNOCKED OUT!
LEAVE IT TO US, PANDORA. WE'LL HAVE YOU LOOKING LIKE ONE OF THE BOYS IN NO TIME!
POWDERPUFF.
POWDERPUFF!
LIPSTICK.
LIPSTICK!
N-NO...THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENIN'!
LATER...!
PANDORA... YOU LOOK DIVINE!
PEPSI... JUST GIMME THAT GODDAMN MIRROR!
AAAAAAAAARGH!



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EVERYWHERE FROM FRIDAY NOVEMBER 27

Nothing But A Dreamer

Entering their second decade, SAGA start a new era with a reduced line-up and a new LP 'Wildest Dreams'. JON HOTTEN runs to vocalist MICHAEL SADLER to find out why the album hasn't been released in the UK and discovers how the ex-'shy choirboy' used to sing Motown

'Look at him running'

SAGA'S MOST famous lyric trips through my head as I run, feet pounding the pavement, keeping heartbeat time.

'He's got so far to go'

Running late. The street stretching ahead looks as long as a freeway, and I'm at the wrong end of it.

'And he's very short of breath'

Breathless. I can imagine vocalist Michael Sadler waiting and annoyed in one of the tall buildings that curl like fingers above my head.

'And they'd said Don't Be Late'

Just Don't Be Late. I arrive, ragged and damp from the rain. The office is sternly but beautifully furnished; Habitat chic. Michael sits at the window watching world go by, and the whole scene strikes me as reminiscent of the beginning of a Saga tune; their lyrics neatly etched stories; their music elegant, sometimes left sparse save for intricate rhythm, mostly lush in melody set off with cutting, expressive guitar and Michael's rich vocals.

He greets me with a smile, and looks none the worse for Saga's recent upheavals, most notably the departure of keyboard player Jim Gillmour and drummer Steve Negus, thus reducing the band to a three-piece. Indeed, Michael has no reason to.

Saga have a fine new album, 'Wildest Dreams', on release all over the place except for the UK, and Michael, along with Jim Crichton (keys/bass) and Ian Crichton (guitar) is enjoying a fresh release of creative energy as the band enters its second decade.

So first of all, why is a record as good as 'Wildest Dreams' not on release over here? And why does the UK stand almost alone in the record-buying world in not picking up on the band?

"WELL, WE'VE always had a stalwart audience in Europe," explains Michael. "But in England, not being a singles band, it's difficult.

"For some reason record companies never seem to get behind our albums because we're not an HM band; we don't have that legion of fans to fall back on. So this time around, we're waiting for a record company to come to *us*; that way we'll know that they really want to put the record out.

"There's not much point in doing a massive UK tour, but we will definitely play Hammersmith, probably in February."

That's the situation with the album tidied up, and when you do get to hear it, you'll find a marked shift from the last Saga release, 'Behavior'.

"'Behavior' was the end of an era," says Michael. "It was the end of the first ten years of the band, and the beginning of the end of the line-up – the mixed feelings were starting to be understood. I think that Jim Gilmour and Steve are happier now that they've left the band.

"It was an important album in two ways: it was reflective of what we were doing at the time, and it was the catalyst for the next ten years. In a way, it was the product of over-convoluted thinking. An album needs emotion and feel, not technical perfection."

Accusations that certainly can't be levelled at 'Wildest Dreams'.

"I like the connotation of 'Wildest Dreams'," explains Michael. "It's like we're starting again, the three of us, and almost anything's possible."

'WD' IS PRODUCED by Keith Olsen, a man with a formidable track record of superstar American production including Whitesnake, Heart and Foreigner. Were Saga a challenge for him?

"Well, I'm glad you said that," says Michael. "My biggest fear was that it would be 'the Keith Olsen album featuring Saga'. But because we weren't the usual sort of band he worked with he looked on us as a challenge. He didn't try to force his concept of the album onto us.

"I don't think it's us sounding American, it hasn't lost the grandiose keyboard feel. But Keith brought something out of the band that was well disguised. Also we wrote more with the song as a whole in mind, rather than a piece of music with lyrics on top.

"My voice is stronger now, more 'streety'. I sound less like a choirboy than I used to! I used to be shy!

"I mean, I remember the first gig I ever played. It was in a church hall, and we started off with 'Born To Be Wild'. I stood, terrified, with both hands on the microphone, white-knuckled and with a stupid hat on. I didn't open my eyes once. We did ten songs then I ran off!"

Michael laughs as I try to reconcile that image with the cool confidence he exudes today. I can't imagine him singing 'Born . . .' either . . .

"Ha, that's nothing," he grins. "I did some recording of my own, just to get it off my chest, and I did a cover of the Four Tops 'Reach Out (I'll Be There)', so imagine me singing Motown!

"I got a lot of stuff down on tape, and everyone was going around spreading rumours about a solo album. I'd like to release the tapes one day, out of curiosity, but Saga has always been my top priority."

So with the record straight on that score, I wondered what Michael's wildest dreams for the future were . . .

"It sounds corny, but I'd like to try acting. I've been a film fanatic for years, and I enjoy taking on a character in videos. I think a lot of our music would enhance visuals."

AH, YES. That will have all staunch Saga fans thinking back to the band's first four studio albums, each of which contained two of the mysterious 'chapters'; eight songs that tell a compelling tale of apocalypse. The band always promised a full explanation of them once they were complete . . .

"Ha! Well, I'm *still* not going to tell you," laughs Michael annoyingly! "There are plans to put the chapters all together on one album, with a booklet, explaining the whole story, which is pseudo apocalyptic, pseudo sci-fi, and it has something to do with metamorphosis.

"We're talking about getting a ghost writer to help us to put the storyline together more fully. I'd love to see it done as an animated film, something like 'When The Wind Blows'. That was superb.

"I hope when the record comes out it will be fun for everyone, though the critics will slag it to death, I expect . . ."

Well, I can assure you this one won't! As long as Saga continue to produce inventive and classy rock music, they're assured of continued success. As far as the UK goes, get yourself exposed to some Saga and see for yourself. Don't Be Late . . .

SAGA: "This time around we're waiting for a record company to come to us"

SAGA (l-r): Ian Crichton, Michael Sadler, Jim Crichton

Pic Ray Palmer

SHRAPNEL

For FREE inclusion write to: Malcolm Dome, Kerrang!, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ. Deadline for publication is at least two weeks prior to cover dates. Whenever possible, include a black and white photo with your record release/tour date info.

■ *ONTARIO BAND* ***Shock*** *(above) have just completed work on their debut album* ***'Burning A Hole Through The Heavens'*** *and are currently negotiating a recording deal. The band's line-up is* ***Tony V*** *(lead vocals/guitar),* ***John Tennent*** *(guitar),* ***Kevin Monette*** *(bass) and* ***Mike Turcotte*** *(drums). Anyone interested in contacting them should write to:* ***Shock, PO Box 245, Orleans, Ontario, Canada K10 1S7.***

■ *SUFFOLK BAND* ***Blue Blud*** *now have a five-track 12" EP titled* ***'Liquor 'N' Poker'*** *available from Shades (The Basement, 9/12 St. Annes Ct., London W1) priced at £2.99. The full track listing is:* ***'Real Live Love', 'Liquor 'N' Poker', 'The Girl Is Hot', 'It Never Rains In England'*** *and* ***'Get Rich Bitch'.***

The groups's line-up is (above, from left): ***Paul Sutcliffe*** *(drums/vocals),* ***Mark Sutcliffe*** *(guitar/lead vocals) and* ***Dave Crawte*** *(bass/vocals). They will be appearing at Guildford Surrey University on November 30, augmented by guest keyboards player* ***Robert 'Arry' Ariss.***

Further information is available from: ***Aiden, 11 Kier Hardie House, Hornsey Lane Estate, London N19.***

■ ***RUNAWAY*** *(above), who hail from Birmingham, have just released a cassette single featuring the tracks* ***'Times Change'/'Running (From My Heart)'.*** *This is available at a price of £1.50 (inc. p&p) from:* ***Andy Paris, Flat 5, 4 York Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham B16 9JA/Gary Steven-Lee, 71 Willaston Rd., Sheldon, Birmingham B33 OPS.***

The band's line-up is Paris (lead vocals), ***Paul Kelly*** *(bass/vocals),* ***Martin Keith*** *(guitar/vocals),* ***Jeff Williams*** *(drums/vocals) and Steven-Lee (keyboards).*

TORQUE SHOW *play Walthamstow Royal Standard November 30, Shepherds Bush The Wellington December 9. Tickets for the latter headlining show are now available, priced at £2, from:* ***Leigh Griffiths, 86 Sibley Grove, Manor Park, London E12 6SE.*** *Please make all cheques/POs payable to* ***'L. Griffiths'.***

The band's line-up is (above, from left): ***Atsuhiko Ubukata*** *(drums),* ***Dave Williams*** *(lead vocals), Leigh Griffiths (guitar/backing vocals) and* ***John M. Gerring*** *(bass/bass pedals/backing vocals). They also currently have an EP titled* ***'If It Ain't Broke Don't Fix It'*** *available at a price of £2.50 (incl. p&p) from the above address.*

■ FORMER **SACRILEGE** drummer **Andy Baker** has now joined **Arbitrator** and the new line-up intend to begin work on a demo during December. The rest of the group is **Tony Martin** (lead vocals), **Dominic Jeaves** (lead guitar), **PM** (rhythm guitar) and **Gavin Ward** (bass).

■ **DANGEROUS TOYS** are still seeking a suitable bassist. Interested parties should phone one of the following: **Gerry (01 521 8202)** or **Dave (01 607 7796).**

■ **GIN $LING** currently have a single (**'Heartbreak'/'Love Crazy'**) and a four-track demo available by mail order. The single is priced at £1.50 (incl. p&p) whilst the cassette (with the numbers **'Call Me Bad', 'Rip It Up', 'Talk To Me'** and **'Shine On'**) is priced at £2 (incl. p&p). Both can be obtained from **Marc Ama Chan, 12 Hunters Rd., Spital Tongues, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne.**

Gin $ling will be appearing at Walthamstow Royal Standard on December 8.

■ **LISA DOMINIQUE** has recruited former **Deep Switch** drummer **Simon De Montford**. And fans of la Dominique will get a chance to see her new line-up in action at the Nottingham Mardi Gras on November 28.

■ THE FIRST edition of *Heavy Metal Deth* fanzine is now avaiable at a price of 30p plus an SAE (1 US dollar) from: **68 West Royd, Wilsden, Bradford, West Yorkshire BD15 DHU.**

This issue has articles on **Elixir, Onslaught, Scarwm, Avarice** and **Lord Crucifier.**

■ WARNER BROTHERS have just issued a special Compact Disc package from **ZZ Top**. This features remixed/remastered versions of six of the trio's most famous albums, namely **'ZZ Top's First Album', 'Rio Grande Mud', 'Tres Hombres', 'Fandango!', 'Tejas'** and **'El Loco'.**

These are all available on just three Compact Discs at a special price. The LPs were mixed by producer/manager **Bill Ham** and remastered by engineer **Bob Ludwig.**

■ UMIST ARE organising a number of shows during their forthcoming rag week, all proceeds from which will be donated to charity. So far, those bands confirmed are: **Heads With Gear, Ambitious Beggars, Leigh Stirling** (on December 3)/**Operation Guitar Boy, Stiletto Rox, 4 Play** (December 4)/**Verra Cruz, Dirty Tryxx, Charlotte's Web, Richter, Toxic Shock** and **Low Profile** (December 5).

■ **PREYER** HAVE recruited drummer **Lloyd Coates.**

■ A NEW, weekly rock club is to open in the Bournemouth area on December 11. Called the Britannia Rock Club, it will cater for live rock bands and any acts interested in appearing should send a tape/biography/photo to: **Nigel Muir, Muirtrex Promotions, 55 Rosemary Rd., Poole, Dorset.**

■ GERMAN BAND **Cöre!** have just completed work on their first demo with producer/engineer **Jeff Burke,** featuring the following tracks: **'Can't Remember', '20th Century Survivor', 'Maybe Tomorrow', 'Same Player Shoots Again'** and **'Backdoor Hooker'.** For further information, write to: **Luettje Moorpadd 2, D-2910, Westerstede 1, West Germany.**

The band's line-up is **Clark Gable** (lead vocals), **Janis Lusizz** (guitar/keyboards), **Lex Lasiti** (guitar), **Lee Cöre** (drums) and **Paddy** (bass).

■ LOS ANGELES label Wycked Records is currently seeking Glam Rock acts from across the world for inclusion on a forthcoming compilation album. Interested parties should send a tape/biography/photo to: **Wycked Records, c/o Star Communications, PO Box 67-d-05, Century City, Los Angeles, California 90067, USA.** Please mark your package for the attention of **'Jeanne'.**

The LP will be distributed throughout the world by Restless Records, a division of the Enigma Entertainment Corporation.

■ KILLERWATT AND Bandit Records have now switched their distribution from Pinnacle to PRT.

WHITESNAKE have now added a third night at Wembley Arena to their UK tour itinerary. This is on December 31 and the show will start at 7pm and finish by 10pm to allow fans a chance to indulge in New Year's Eve celebrations!

Tickets are priced at £10/£9 and are available from the Arena Box Office plus the following outlets: **Keith Prowse** (credit card hotline on **01 741 8989**), **Premier, LTB, Stargreen, Albemarle, Ticketmaster** and **Tower Records.** Please note that all tickets purchased outside of the Arena Box Office are subject to a booking fee.

In addition tickets can be purchased by post from: **MAC Promotions, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ.** Please send a 50p booking fee per ticket, enclose an SAE and make all cheques/POs payable to **'MAC Promotions'.**

LITTLE ANGELS will be supporting **Vow Wow** at Birmingham Powerhouse on December 1. They replace previously announced band **Tigertailz.**

GIN $LING play Portsmouth Basins on December 2.

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***PATRIOT** play Smeyd Community Centre on December 4. All proceeds from this charity gig will be donated to the Wolverhampton Children's Hospice.*

*The Walsall band's line-up is (above, from left): **Roy Cadman** (keyboards/vocals), **Rob James** (guitar/vocals), **Jon Cooksey** (drums), **Dee Lathbury** (bass/vocals) and **Dave Hayward** (lead vocals).*

***SAMURAI** (above) will be appearing at Cardiff New Bogey's Club on November 27. The band have just recorded a new demo featuring the songs **'Show Me Your Love'** and **'Stay With Me Tonight'**.*

*For further information write to: **Huw Lewis, 'Hazeldene', Penydarren Rd., Merthyr Tydfil, Mid-Glamorgan, S. Wales.***

***THE BATFISH BOYS** (above), who will shortly be releasing a record titled **'Purple Dust'** on the GWR label, will be appearing at Bedford Greyfriars International Centre on November 28.*

***COLONEL GOMEZ** (above), from Cambridge, will be appearing at Sohershaw The George November 27, Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall 28 (supporting **Engine**).*

IRON HEART, from Reading, play High Wycombe Nag's Head November 26, Birmingham Edwards No. 8 28 (supporting **The Grip**).

SABBAT return to the UK to play the following shows: Nottingham Rock City November 24 (supporting **Vow Wow**), Leicester Sector 5 Club December 3.

RICH RAGS play Goole Steam Packet on November 28. Admission is 75p. The band have just finished work on their first video, details for which will follow shortly.

THE SHOTGUN BRIDES play Kentish Town Bull and Gate Time Box on November 28. The band will be releasing their debut album through the Neat label next March.

MARINO AND THE AFTER FOREVER BAND and **PANAMA** play London Marquee Club on November 25.

BALAAM AND THE ANGEL have been forced to cancel their proposed show at Nottingham Rock City on November 25.

ASYLUM, ETHEL AND THE HEROES and **NO SPIEL** play Keighley Victoria Hall on November 26.

CHARLIE MOUSE return to the live circuit with the following dates: Bristol Fleece & Firkin November 29, London Marquee Club December 17 (supporting **Lisa Dominique**)/19 (supporting **Kooga**).

The Oxford trio intend to begin work shortly on a new demo.

NOBODY'S FOOL, DEADLY INTENTION and **THE COVENENT** play Lancashire Polytechnic Rock Society on November 25.

DRN will be appearing at Birmingham University November 28, Ebbw Vale Beaufort Ballroom December 5, St. Albans City Hall 9 (supporting **Hawkwind**), Buckley Tivoli 10 (again supporting Hawkwind), Northampton Kamikazi Klub 11 (supporting **Vow Wow**), Birkenhead Stairways 12, Portsmouth Basins 19, Hampton Court Jolly Boatman 22, Deptford Crypt Club 23, Croydon Cartoon 24, Birmingham Kaleidoscope 28, London Marquee Club 29.

HARLEQUYN play Newcastle Riverside November 26 (with the **Shotgun Brides**), Camden Dingwalls 29, Tonypandy Rock Club December 11.

The Bradford four-piece will be giving away a flexi-disc version of **'The Edge'** with the November issue of ***Tongue In Cheek*** fanzine and hope to have a track on a forthcoming compilation EP from Far North Music early next year.

PATRIOT, SMASH ALLEY and **CHASER** will be playing Bloxwich Sneyd School on December 4. This is a charity concert and tickets are priced at £1.

THE LLOYD LANGTON GROUP play Portsmouth Basins on January 7.

A PRYLE OF ACES, from Colchester, play dates at Colchester Oliver Twist November 26, Ipswich Thomas Eldred December 4, Sudbury Ship And Star January 4.

THE MILK MONITORS have confirmed a show at London University of London Union on December 3 with **Living In Texas.**

HAWKWIND, SUICIDE, PINK FAIRIES, ALL ABOUT EVE, ROBERT CALVERT & THE STARFIGHTERS, SPACEMAN 3 and **TUBULAR DOG** will be appearing at Leeds Queens Hall on December 12 under the banner of **'Son Of Acid Daze'**.

Tickets are priced at £7.50 and can be obtained from the usual ticket outlets, or by post from: **Camouflage Concert Productions Ltd, 1-2 Munro Terrace, London SW10.** Please make all cheques/POs payable to **'Camouflage Concert Productions Ltd.'**, enclose an SAE and add a 50p booking fee per ticket.

HEAVEN & THE ANGELS, from London, will be appearing at Shepherds Bush The Wellington December 2, Kennington The Cricketers 9, Brixton The Canterbury Arms 11.

The band's five-track EP, **'Angel Fish And Mustang Wings'**, is now available at a price of £3.49 from various outlets, including Tower Records, HMV and Virgin Megastore.

OSMIUM, a trio from Hertfordshire, play Harlow Square One on December 3.

GIZMO play Crayford Town Hall December 3, Margate Saracens 4, Whitstable Harbour Lights 17, Hersden Raggs Club 30.

HAWKWIND and **DRN** play Buckley Tivoli on December 10.

WEO GORAN play Worcester Hoppers December 15 (admission is free), Evesham Public Hall 30.

THE TEMPLARS and **JENNY THE SLICE** (an all-girl act) play Liverpool Hardman Street Unemployment Centre on December 4. This is a charity show in aid of the Physically Handicapped And Able-Bodied (PHAB) and tickets are priced at £1.50. They can be obtained from: **Gary Reynolds, 18 Florida Court, Liverpool L19 9EF.** Tel: **051 427 5713/051 487 0422/051 427 4262.**

BUDGIE continue their comeback at Leicester Sector 5 Club on December 8.

CHROME MOLLY play Leicester Sector 5 Club on December 22.

ENGINE and **FAT LARRY'S BAND** play Buckley Tivoli on December 23.

THE FINAL SOLUTION will be appearing at Bedford The Angel December 21, Hanslope The Watts Arms 24. A four-track demo, set to be recorded at Pace Studios in Banbury very shortly, will be available early next year.

CIRCUS, a quintet from Cheadle, will be supporting **Vow Wow** at Manchester Apollo on December 2.

ZAIS will be appearing at Wrexham Memorial Club December 16, Chester Saddle Inn 18, Wrexham Smiley's Wine Bar 23/30.

The band currently have a two-track demo available titled **'The Storyteller'**. This features the songs **'The Outcast'** and **'Storyteller'** and is available at a price of £1.50 (incl. p&p) from: **Tim J. Nicholls, 14 Cardigan Rd., Borras Park, Wrexham, Clwyd LL12 T15.**

The group's line-up is **Ian Taylor** (guitar/vocals), **Phil Gilliver** (keyboards), **Andy Whitfield** (bass) and **Tim Nicholls** (drums/vocals).

RAZORBACK will be appearing at Warrington Lion Hotel December 12, Nottingham Mardi Gras 13, Buckley Tivoli 30.

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FEMALE 26, into Gabriel, Floyd, Hawkwind, Bush, Scorpions etc. seeks penpals here and abroad. Write Stella, 134 Coventry Road, Hinckley, Leics.

BELFAST MAMA'S BOYS, girl in grey with blonde hair about halfway back to right, I was in front of you in black jumper + wicked willie T-shirt, please ring Paul, Belfast 864776. I'm in love!

FEMALE 27 into Kiss, V.V.I., Manowar, W.A.S.P. and virtually everything else! seeks male/female friends for gigs, friendship and fun. Borders/Edinburgh area. Michele Linton, 14a Bond Street, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire.

MALE EIGHTEEN into all good heavy rock, hates Thrash, seeks female companion for fun, gigs, love!?! etc. Photo app. all letters answered preferably Maidstone area. Box No K1028

LONG-HAIRED BLOKE (22) seeks metal maidens for correspondence, gigs, clubs, weekends. Ladies especially from Midlands/Notts and Manchester areas. Cheers! Box No. K1029

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FROM THE INSIDE

Proving they're not just another AOR ballad band, FOREIGNER reaffirm their rockin' roots and produce a 'store-house of hits' with their first LP since '84's multi-million seller 'Agent Provocateur' – released next month. CHRIS WELCH taps his biro to the band in a New York studio and wants to know what the 'Inside Information' is . . .

"I CAN'T stand this. . . I'll have to walk around outside."

Mick Jones, normally so cool and calm, seemed to be undergoing severe mental anguish. The cause of the pain was me sitting at a huge recording console in a New York studio, listening to a playback of the brand new Foreigner album. It is their first since 'Agent Provocateur' in 1984, which sold in millions, and is the result of months of soul searching and hard work.

As the blasting roar of 'Inside Information' pinned me back in the seat normally reserved for the engineer, I knew Mick and his partner Rick Wills had nothing to worry about, tapping my biro vigorously on one knee to indicate that I was experiencing inner ecstasies. 'Inside Information' is a superb example of what the most experienced rock musicians of the age can unleash when fired by inspiration and determination.

Even so, after ten years making music together and enjoying enormous success, with 25 million albums sold around the world, they don't take anything for granted, least of all critical acclaim. I gave that biro an extra whack and Mick smiled. But he still fled the studio.

It seemed as if the fates had drawn me to meet Foreigner once again, for it was exactly ten years since Mick had talked to me about the formation of his band, back in London, when the first 'Foreigner' album was released. Since then they had conquered the world with only a few changes in line-up, settling finally on Mick (lead guitars, bass, vocals), Lou Gramm (lead vocals), Dennis Eliott (drums) and Rick Wills (bass, vocals).

Although they've never been a great 'image' band and chose to launch themselves right into the middle of the punk rock maelstrom of change, with all its attendant flak for their kind of mature, melodic rock, Foreigner have nevertheless won respect and a massive following.

They had a huge hit with the moving ballad 'I Want To Know What Love Is' back in '85, but they object to being categorised as just another AOR ballad band. Rock 'n' roll is still the cornerstone of their music and 'Inside Information' is very much a reaffirmation of their rockin' roots, which go right back to Jimi Hendrix and Led Zeppelin.

One of the most exciting cuts on the new album is 'Beat Of My Heart', with a grinding cliff-hanging guitar riff that Mick freely admits is a tribute to Jimmy Page. "I always wanted to do something like this," he said.

The album is a store-house of hits, and the first must surely be 'Say You Will', recently released as a single with the album to follow on December 4 in the US (the UK release date is either December 7 or 14). This is the most obviously commerical number, with a strong hookline, but the rockin' spirit of Foreigner is revealed on 'A Night To Remember', its bright, jumping beat almost as raunchy as The Ramones.

THE FULL tracklisting is Side One: 'Heart Turns To Stone', 'I Can't Wait', 'Say You Will', 'I Don't Live Without You', and 'A Night To Remember'. Side Two: 'Inside Information', 'Beat Of My Heart', 'Face To Face', 'Out Of The Blue' and 'Counting Every Minute.'

Said engineer and co-producer Frank Filipetti (credits: Carly Simon, John Waite and James Taylor); "I love the material and the songs are very exciting and fresh. I worked with Mick on their last album and this one is much more rocky. Over the months I must have heard all of the songs over and over again thousands of times, but I can still sit down and enjoy listening to them."

Before the playback, Mick and Rick sat in the lounge at Right Track Studios, where TV cameras monitor the stairways against muggers. Mick has now resided in the states for 12 years, but the friendly guitarist who once played with Nero And The Gladiators, Johnny Halliday, Gary Wright and Spooky Tooth remains patently English in speech and manners.

Rick Wills too is still the same incurable enthusiast, full of jokes and laughter, that he was as the curly-haired kid in Peter Frampton's Camel. Like his quieter mate, Rick has a distinguished rock service career. One of his oldest sparring partners is Dave Gilmour of Pink Floyd and they were in a pre-Floyd band called Joker's Wild. After playing with Little Women, Cochise, Roxy Music and a Small Faces reunion, he joined Foreigner in 1979 and appeared on their third album, 'Head Games.'

As the night was young and the chilled Buds were flowing, it seemed a good time to reminisce about the genesis of Foreigner.

"I put the band together when I was living in New York in 1977", said Mick. "It took me about a year before that to get it going. At that point I was feeling very disillusioned about being in groups. It was a period of change when Fleetwood Mac and The Eagles were starting to sell multi-platinum. All I wanted to do was get a solid band together. I would have been happy just to sell a quarter of a million records. But suddenly everything went haywire. At the beginning we had three Americans and three Englishmen – hence Foreigner."

In choosing the name didn't they risk being seen as foreigners in *both* lands?

"Well, in some ways we do feel like foreigners in England," grinned Rick.

"We both went through a helluva lot before Foreigner became an overnight sensation," said Mick as he recalled the old days playing in Paris with the likes of Jimi Hendrix, who taught him how to play 'Hey Joe'.

WHAT MADE Mick feel embittered, if the old days had been such fun?

"Just putting my heart and soul into Spooky Tooth and working with Gary Wright and watching that disintegrate. I went through a lot of emotional experiences that were just a nightmare, really. Spooky Tooth was not a happy time and then I played with Leslie West for six months and that was a pretty wild experience too. I respected Leslie and learnt a lot from him. This was in '76 and again I put everything into that until I realised Leslie was living in another world. It was like. . . crazy.

"But when Foreigner began to take shape I could feel something was really happening. Basically, I was about to get a proper job again!"

What sort of band did he want Foreigner to be?

"It all came out of the experiences I'd had. In Spooky

Pic Mike Putland

RICK & MICK (Wills & Jones): 25 million albums sold and counting!

Pic Pete Cronin

FOREIGNER ONSTAGE: jukebox heroes still ready to rock

Tooth we had two singers, Gary Wright and Mike Harrison, and I liked their contrasting styles, high falsetto and gutsy soul. I was lucky to get both of that in one man – Lou Gramm. He could cover the whole spectrum. Generally, I wanted something done with integrity.

"I still want Foreigner to be something I can be proud of, with good songs and rock feeling. My writing really started to happen when the band formed."

The group's second album 'Double Vision', released in 1978, was an enormous hit and sold eight million copies in America alone.

"The first album alone did four million which is pretty phenomenal," recalled Rick. "That was before I joined them. They were very credible albums with good songs. We were on the same label as the Stones and they had never had a platinum album while we were selling millions. It was a bit unreal for us. After three months of touring we were headlining.

"After 'Double Vision' they made a change and I joined the band," continues Rick, "then it got back to reality. The third album, 'Head Games', which was my first, didn't sell so well. I think we made a few tactical errors."

Said Mick: "Things went to our heads a bit. . ."

Rick: "I couldn't believe it when I joined. These guys were really going for it! We had champagne all the way round the studio. . . rows of empty bottles. Roy Thomas Baker (producer) was a lot to do with that. His attitude was 'Goodies. . . yummy yummy!'"

The band were then heavily criticised for the cover of 'Head Games', which showed a girl in a men's toilet, and the single 'Dirty White Boy.' They spent an entire tour trying to justify this apparent lapse in taste.

"It was a painful time for Mick," said Rick, "but we survived. There were some changes in the band and we set about working on 'Foreigner 4' which sold ten million. A lot of people in England thought it was our first album.

"AT THE same time punk rock came in and I hated a lot of it because it was so badly done. From a musician's point of view I couldn't understand why anybody would want to buy that when we were struggling to be better all the time. They were trying to play as badly as possible. But I suppose rock had become too safe and you knew what to expect. They definitely changed that.

"Fortunately, we had a strong Heavy Metal following and we know we have fans in Britain, especially in places like Edinburgh. They are very loyal, and we don't get around there that often. There is a great deal of intensity in each album and then we have to take time out, and Mick has to get his batteries recharged. The last big highlight was the huge hit single we had with 'I Want To Know What Love Is'.

Said Mick: "There were disadvantages with that. A lot of people looked upon us as a ballad-orientated band. That hurt a bit."

The record was Number One in 13 countries and it was their first ever Number One.

"It was a very special feeling going to Number One," said Rick, "and it was top of the charts first in England. We managed to get the warmth factor of the song across on video."

Said Mick: "There are so many people who have written or talked to me about how meaningful that song was to them, and how it actually changed their life in some cases. That was the most rewarding thing, feeling that the song had a positive effect on people. It was the New York street scenes which got to people *and* the choir which we recorded right here in this studio. It sold over a million.

"But although we had the single we didn't have much else then. The album ('Agent. . .') was kind of softer, more keyboard orientated, and when we went on tour critics said 'That Was Yesterday' didn't really work. It was a track off the album and our second single and that really shocked me. I listened to the album and realised I hadn't achieved what I'd set out to."

Mick went through a frustrating period of three years while Lou Gramm wanted to do a solo project. Normally, the four members get together with Mick and listen to his cassettes of various ideas, but they couldn't do that while Lou was wrapped up with his own recording. Eventually, Rick began logging ideas on hundreds of Mick's demos just to get things started.

"I don't think I saw Lou for about a year. . ." said Mick.

"Well, none of us did," chipped in Rick, the pair sounding a bit like Pete & Dud. "I didn't see him, did you?"

Mick shook his head and confirmed that he'd gone into the studio to help produce an album ('5150') with Eddie Van Halen.

"When I finished that I was ready to start recording *our* album. It was the first time I'd produced outside of Foreigner and the energy and speed with which it was done turned me around."

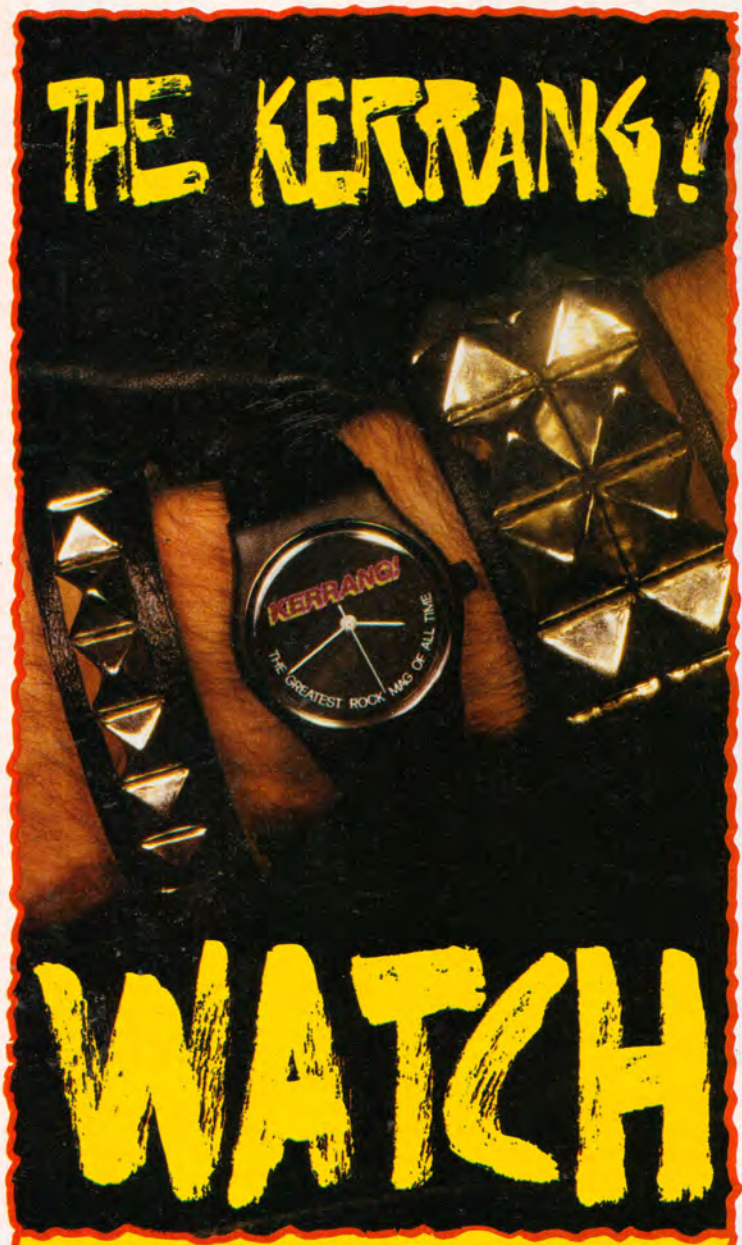
Foreigner got all the songs ready before they went into the studio to lay down 'Inside Information', which helped focus their approach.

"We didn't mess with it," said Rick, "and we are very pleased with the way it's coming along. There is still one track we are working on which is 'Inside Information' itself. Everything else is ready to go and we'll be back out there touring early next year, though we haven't fixed any dates yet."

"The album is much rockier," said Mick. "Lou has done his part and we've got a good group feeling. It has by far the best vocal performances *ever* by Lou, he really sounds ten years younger. Very strong. But after working on the record for months, we all feel knackered. We were here in the studio until 4am last night."

When Foreigner hit the road there won't be any choirs singing along and those who once decried the loss of the 'Wooargh!' factor in their live shows will be glad to know that the Foreign chappies are once again ready to rock!

THE KERRANG! WATCH



Pic Ray Palmer

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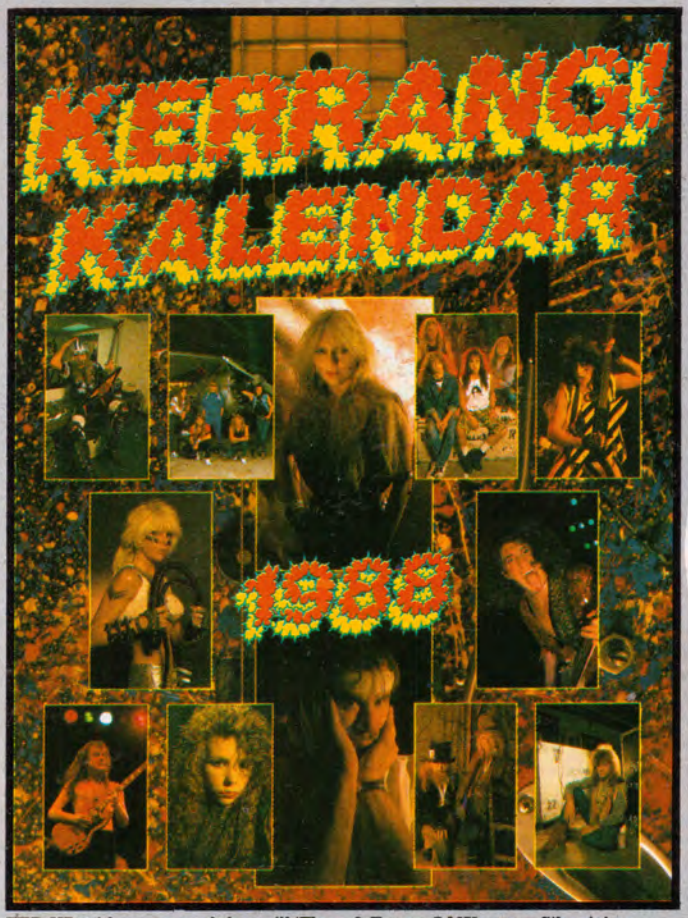

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JIVE

'SON ARISE

After over a decade away from the music scene, years spent watching his family grow and scoring the occasional film soundtrack, ROBBIE ROBERTSON, former guitarist with The Band, has released his first ever solo album. With a little help from Peter Gabriel and U2, MICK WALL reckons it's been well worth the wait

ROBBIE ROBERTSON is on the promotional merry-go-round. We meet up in his room at the Mayfair Hotel in London. I am the last item on a conveyor-belt of music journos who have passed through Robertson's door these last 48 hours. There is probably nothing left I can ask him that he hasn't been asked at least ten times already today. There are probably no new answers he can give me that he hasn't already given to someone else.

If you've been paying attention to the album reviews section of this mag, you'll know that Robbie Robertson has just released what is, in my estimation, one of the finest rock LPs of the year, the simply titled 'Robbie Robertson'. Its release marks one of the most welcome returns to the international rock scene of recent times. Not only is this Robbie Robertson's first solo album in an illustrious career which now spans three decades, it's also his first release of *any kind* since the demise of The Band with 'The Last Waltz' in 1976.

What else do we know? Well, briefly, that Robertson, drummer Levon Helm, organist Garth Hudson, piano player Richard Manuel and bassist Rick Danko emerged in the mid-Sixties from a long stint as Ronnie Hawkins' backing band, The Hawks, to back Bob Dylan when he 'went electric' in '65. Touring the world together, Dylan and The Band, as the former had jokingly dubbed them, cemented their partnership with the 1965 release of the classic 'Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window' single.

When Dylan took off in 1966 to record what would prove to be the single most important album of his career, 'Blonde On Blonde', he took various members of The Band with him – most especially Robertson himself, whose talents Dylan greatly admired; enough, in fact, to go on to record at the time praising him as "a mathematical guitar genius".

'Blonde On Blonde' was released, the earth moved under the critics feet, and record buyers all over the world bought it in their millions – as they still do today, 21 years later.

When, at the end of 1966, Dylan crashed on his motorcycle and almost got himself killed, Robertson and The Band relocated to Woodstock, where the man was laid up, and aided his recuperation, says Robertson, by being there "simply to make music whenever the mood took us." Out of the hundreds of hours of tape recorded from those informal sessions has resulted a famous collection of songs, widely circulated in bootleg fashion before finally gaining an official release on CBS in 1975 under the title of 'The Basement Tapes'.

By 1968, Dylan was ready to unveil the 'John Wesley Harding' album, his most despotic work yet, and The Band were also preparing to step out on their own in earnest with the release of their classic debut album, 'Music From Big Pink'. The influence each had on the other was evident in the more subdued and subtle approach Dylan was taking with his new songs, and in the assimilation of twisted metaphors and arch lyrical imagery, particularly in Robertson's songs, that The Band were now busy experimenting with.

In 1969, with the release of their second album, 'The Band', the metamorphosis from Dylan sidekicks and funky acolytes into a class international act more than capable of standing out from beneath the gigantic shadow that Dylan still cast over most of the Sixties was complete. Robertson and The Band were featured on the cover of *Time* magazine, and some of the guitarist's songs – 'The Weight', 'The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down', 'Up On Cripple Creek' – almost overnight assumed the heady mantle of American Standards.

Two more excellent albums, 'Stage Fright' (1970) and 'Cahoots' (1971), punctuated a death-defying spell out on the road, followed by three years of nothing . . .

"Yeah, we had sort of an interlude there at the start of the Seventies," says Robertson thoughtfully. "We didn't so much seem to stop playing, we just didn't get around to writing and recording any new songs . . . We'd been on the road together as a band, in one form or another, for more than ten years at that point. We'd never done anything else, been anywhere else, seen anything else.

"Not that I remember being too bothered by that fact at the time. But I think maybe the realisation that there *is* more to life than being on the road in a band was starting to creep in by then and *confuse* us."

He stifles a dry chuckle.

Apart from a so-so live album, 'Rock Of Ages', released in 1972, and a worthy 'golden oldies' collection, 'Moondog Matinee' released a year later, The Band remained largely inactive until 1973 when they again backed Dylan on his perfunctory 'Planet Waves' album, a less than momentous reunion, as Robertson is the first to admit.

IN 1974 came the last ever Dylan/Band tour; Dylan's first live performances for eight years, it was to be a gigantic undertaking. The Biggest Rock Tour Ever was how it was billed at the time, and so it was, with something like four per cent of the entire population of America mailing in money for tickets. The tour also produced a momentous double live album, 'Before The Flood', featuring sides from both The Band on their own and with Dylan.

Inspired perhaps by being thrust once more into the limelight, Robertson and The Band released two disappointing final albums – 'Northern Lights, Southern Cross' (1975), 'Islands' (1976) – before the guitarist felt compelled to persuade the others to draw the whole thing to a dignified close with The Last Waltz – The Band's last official concert together.

Held on Thanksgiving Day 1976 at the Winterlands Ballroom in San Francisco before 5000 fans, the show included guest appearances by Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison and Dylan himself. The event was filmed for posterity by director Martin Scorcese, an old compadré of Robertson's, and released posthumously, with interview footage intercut of the various Band members, as the 1977 movie, 'The Last Waltz'.

"One of the smartest things we ever did, ending it on a high note like that," says Robertson. "Not many bands get to choose their own ending . . ."

The next 11 years are less well documented. Following on from his charismatic performance in 'The Last Waltz', Robertson was approached to appear in the 1980 film, 'Carny', where he co-starred alongside Jodie Foster and Gary Busey. More offers of film work followed, but the guitarist took up none of them.

"I know it's some people's dream, but film acting just wasn't something I was seriously interested in pursuing," he says.

"Also," pulling a face, "most of the scripts I got offered *stank*! Every terrible movie you've seen in the last ten years probably came my way at some point . . ."

For the rest of those 11 years, however, Robertson wasn't completely idle; he *did* break his reclusive habits long enough to score the soundtracks to three Scorcese films: 'Raging Bull', 'The King Of Comedy' and, latterly, 'The Color Of Money'.

Mostly, though, those 11 years were set aside by Robertson as a period when "Watching my three kids grow up became more important than thinking about making a solo album."

So what eventually enticed him back into a dark and sweaty recording studio after over a decade spent avoiding them like the plague?

"I guess I just got the urge again. It's as simply or as complex as that. I wasn't waiting for the right time or anything like that. I didn't sort of sit at home and *plan* some Big Return . . ." he laughs at the idea.

"Then suddenly the spirit moved me enough to start having the occasional idea for a melody line or a lyric and everything started building in my mind from there. Gradually

the ideas mounted up, I was turning them into songs, and suddenly I was on fire with the whole thing. I wanted to get an album out . . ."

How conscious was Robertson of the new styles and techniques that have changed the face of popular music in his absence?

"I was aware of a lot of the new sounds that are around, sure. But following the new fads in fashion is very boring for me. Keeping up with the Jones' isn't my thing at all. I just get on with making music the way I really want to hear it, that's always the most important and creative thing you can do. Ignore the rest."

Nevertheless, 'Robbie Robertson' enjoys a very lush, post-CD production. The two tracks featuring Peter Gabriel – the first single from the album, 'Fallen Angel', and 'Broken Arrow' – are particularly sparkling and *modérne*. Either track would fit comfortably, in fact, on Gabriel's own mega-hit album, 'So', another high-tech jewel in the late-'80s mould. Was this Gabriel's influence? How did the two come to play together?

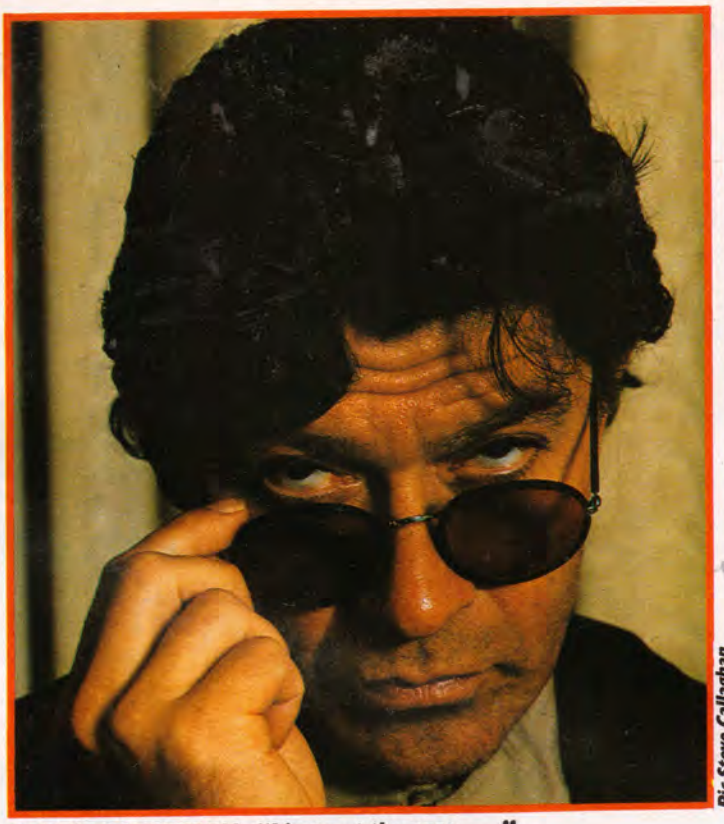
"I'd known Peter for some time. Over the years we'd talked and got along and we'd always said it would be good to work together some day. I'd already recorded most of 'Fallen Angel', but I needed a certain sound in the chorus, some quality that was still lacking. And I was trying to think who I knew who could sing like that. Well, Peter has exactly the quality I was looking for – a ghostly edge to his voice, very moving.

"So I called him up and said I think I got something we can work on, and he said great and we got together and started on it. It felt so good that Peter ended up adding a little electronic percussion, and then we set to work on a little keyboard thing he helped me put together, which became 'Broken Arrow'. So yeah, his influence is there all right on those two tracks. Of course it is, that's the *point*."

Elsewhere, U2 appear as Robertson's backing band (complete with Bono laying down backing vocals) on two tracks: 'Sweet Fire Of Love', on which they get a co-writer's credit, and 'Testimony'. Robertson was introduced to U2, themselves longstanding Band fans, by Daniel Lanois, the Irish outfit's regular producer then engaged on co-producing the 'Robbie Robertson' album alongside the guitarist.

"We didn't get together because I wanted to work with a superstar band," he stresses. "For a start, there's no way they would ever be interested in something like that. We got together because we both wanted to see what would happen when the two worlds we inhabit were mixed together. The sound we aimed for was a real mesh of our two fairly distinctive styles. I love that about a band, that they have their own distinctive style.

"U2 can play one note and you know who you're listening to straight away. Same with all the greats. We had a fantastic time experimenting together. They're going through a very rootsy period right now, and we really went at it . . ."



Pic Steve Callaghan

ROBBIE ROBERTSON: "I just got the urge. . ."

DURING THE years he stayed away from the rock scene, Robertson never took part in any of the redoubtable Band 'reunions' which occurred spasmodically. Was he ever tempted though, just once, for old time's sake, to make the boards creak again as The Band? The other guys certainly couldn't leave it alone . . .

"Naw," he drawls. "Not for a second. It was like the other guys just couldn't shake the road out of their hair, it was in their blood and after a while it caught up with them and they'd try and get something going together again.

"But I was never interested and they knew it. Nobody would have even considered suggesting it to me, they knew what my answer would be. Besides, I'd made a movie and a three-album set about the fact that The Band was over. So to come out a few years later and say *just kidding* . . . I mean, that's my idea of *horrible* . . ."

While every other erstwhile member of The Band was suffering his fate out on the road, Robbie Robertson stayed locked within the embrace of his young family, sheltered from many of the storms that befell former colleagues.

"It was a deliberate move," he reflects. "I needed time to find out what real life was all about. It's hard to grow up on the road. You get old and you don't know why. I needed to do some growing up, so I stayed home and did my best to forget about The Band and get on with a new life. I'm not saying that's what the rest of the guys should have done. All I know is that it worked for me."

One person who apparently nothing would work for was The Band's former piano player, Richard Manuel, who discovered his own peculiar salvation on March 4 1986 when his body was found hanging from a shower curtain in a motel room in Florida. It's clear that Robertson is still stunned by Manuel's suicide, and 'Fallen Angel', the opening track on his album, is dedicated to the piano player's memory.

"The song isn't directly *about* Richard, it's more written *for* him . . . It's like a little prayer. I was devastated when I heard about his death. You never prepare for those kind of things. It knocked me to my knees, I was literally torn apart by it . . .

"I mean, thinking back to the days when The Band were at their peak, there were a lot of people around who you didn't have to be a fortune teller to know just weren't going to make it. I remember one time coming out of my house in Malibu with another member of The Band, it was early in the morning, and the first thing we saw was Keith Moon, the drummer with The Who, lying unconscious on the beach with the tide coming in and lapping around his body. I remember thinking, hey, this is taking things a little *too* close to the edge; if people keep messing around like this sooner or later somebody's gonna get hurt. You'd have had to be blind not to see that."

ONE OF the most impressive aspects of the 'Robbie Robertson' album is how much better it sounds than the latest releases by so many of his Sixties contemporaries – Dylan, Jagger, Clapton, lately they've all turkeyed out. Robertson acknowledges the slide into banality of certain Sixties giants with a sad shake of his head.

"I know what you're saying, and that was the best reason of all for me to go away for 11 years, I didn't ever want to be trapped into churning out albums just for the sake of it. When I make an album I want to feel like I've just done the greatest f**king record of my life! I want my music to contain spirit, I want it to feel strong, and angry, and sad, and happy, and full of *passion*," he curls the last work around in his mouth, with relish.

Never merely a craftsman, no matter how masterly or revered, Robertson has always placed his talents on a far more artistic plain. For him, rock music at its best should always be perceived as an artistic endeavour.

"Otherwise what else is it?" he asks. "Just the same old three chords anybody can play!"

He admits to a certain disdain, though, for the video-pop generation of bands, now as indigenous a part of life in the Eighties as the Thatcher government or AIDS . . .

"It's all so vacuous so much of that stuff, it's like Tin Pan Alley all over again . . . You get the producers and the video directors and the record company marketing machine and at the end of the line you get the 'band'. They've got to dance, look cute, and fake a kind of jolly shallow stance that frankly I find appalling . . .

"I remember thinking '*holy s**t!*' the first time I ever heard Van Morrison sing; and the next day I would be listening amazed to the new Jimi Hendrix album; and then it was 'Look at what the Stones just did'; and 'Wow, have you heard the new Dylan album?' My God, the music scene was so alive and unpredictable then! Everywhere you looked great new bands were making it happen . . . I used to sit there with my guitar in my hands thinking, hey, I'd better come up with something *good* or I'm not gonna be able to keep the same company as these people!

"That's the way to work . . . If it don't feel right, don't do it. Do what I did, sit at home and forget about it. Then when you're good and ready to go for it, do it with everything you've got, *everything* . . . That's my kind of music."

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SINGLES

1	2	HERE I GO AGAIN **Whitesnake** (EMI)
2	1	MONY MONY (LIVE) **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
3	4	WARM WET CIRCLES **Marillion** (EMI)
4	5	I DON'T NEED NO DOCTOR **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
5	3	CRAZY CRAZY NIGHTS **Kiss** (Vertigo)
6	—	BACK SEAT EDUCATION **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction** (Phonogram)
7	6	TIME STAND STILL **Rush with Aimee Mann** (Vertigo)
8	7	DUDE (LOOKS LIKE A LADY) **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
9	8	STEEL MONKEY **Jethro Tull** (Chrystalis)
10	12	WHO WILL YOU RUN TO **Heart** (Capitol)
11	11	POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/ Phonogram)
12	13	BAT OUT OF HELL (LIVE) **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
13	18	WILD FLOWER **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
14	10	VICTIM OF LOVE **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
15	9	SHAKEDOWN **Bob Seger** (MCA)
16	17	LET THERE BE ROCK **Onslaught** (Under One Flag)
17	14	WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
18	—	EAT THE RICH **Motörhead** (GWR)
19	16	PAPER IN FIRE **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Mercury)
20	re	IS THIS LOVE **Whitesnake** (EMI)
21	26	SHE SELLS SANCTUARY **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
22	20	ANIMAL **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
23	22	GIMME YOUR LOVE **MSG** (EMI)
24	21	LI'L DEVIL **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
25	24	ALONE **Heart** (Capitol)
26	re	NEVER SAY GOODBYE **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
27	15	BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY **Bad News** (EMI)
28	re	SCREAM UNTIL YOU LIKE IT **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
29	—	DID IT ALL FOR LOVE **Phenomena II** (Arista)
30	re	PRIME MOVER **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction** (Phonogram)

US HM RADIO

1	1	THE $5.98 EP: GARAGE DAYS RE-REVISITED **Metallica** (Elektra)
2	3	ROCK 'N' ROLL **Motörhead** (GWR Records)
3	2	RAISING FEAR **Armored Saint** (Chrysalis)
4	5	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
5	4	HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING **Savatage** (Atlantic)
6	6	VISUAL LIES **Lizzy Borden** (Enigma)
7	7	CHILDREN OF MADNESS **Paul Di'Anno's Battlezone** (Shatter)
8	8	PERMANENT VACATION **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
9	10	RAISE YOUR FIST AND YELL **Alice Cooper** (MCA)
10	9	DANGEROUS ATTRACTION **Lion** (Scotti Bros.)
11	13	STEEL AND STARLIGHT **Shok Paris** (IRS)
12	11	CRAZY NIGHTS **Kiss** (Mercury)
13	12	HYSTERIA **Def Leppard** (Mercury)
14	15	PERFECT TIMING **MSG** (Capitol)
15	14	KNOW YOUR ENEMY **Lääz Rockit** (Metal Blade)
16	16	BURNING LIKE A FLAME 45 **Dokken** (Elektra)
17	—	TRIUMPH AND AGONY **Warlock** (Mercury)
18	17	THE KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART I **Helloween** (RCA)
19	re	AMONG THE LIVING **Anthrax** (Megaforce/Island)
20	20	USA FOR MOD **MOD** (Combat)

Compiled by Jem Aswad for the CMJ Music Report, 830 Willis Ave., Albertson, New York 11507, USA

INDIE METAL

1	—	YOUNG AND CRAZY **Tigertailz** (Music For Nations)
2	1	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
3	5	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
4	6	LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN **Poison** (Music For Nations)
5	2	TERRIBLE CERTAINTY **Kreator** (Noise)
6	3	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
7	4	KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
8	8	THE COLLECTION **Hawkwind** (Collector Series)
9	7	BITTER, FIT CRACK **The Macc Lads** (FM/Revolver)
10	re	BREAKING THE SILENCE **Heathen** (Music For Nations)
11	9	SURFIN' WITH THE ALIEN **Joe Satriani** (Food For Thought)
12	10	BEER & SEX & CHIPS 'N' GRAVY **The Macc Lads** (FM/ Revolver)
13	11	FISTFUL OF METAL **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
14	re	LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL **Agnostic Front** (Rough Justice)
15	12	SPEED KILLS VOLUME III **Various** (Under One Flag)
16	14	BRITISH TRIBAL MUSIC **Hawkwind** (State Of The Art)
17	15	GET OUT ON THE ROAD **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts** (Metal Masters)
18	17	SCUM **Napalm Death** (Earache)
19	16	ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM/Revolver)
20	18	HIGH PRIEST OF LOVE **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction** (Food)

ALBUMS

1	2	BEST SHOTS **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
2	1	CRAZY NIGHTS **Kiss** (Vertigo)
3	3	THE CREAM OF ERIC CLAPTON **Eric Clapton** (Polydor)
4	—	TRIUMPH AND AGONY **Warlock** (Vertigo)
5	4	HYSTERIA **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
6	6	A MOMENTARY LAPSE OF REASON **Pink Floyd** (EMI)
7	12	WHITESNAKE 1987 **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
8	5	RAISE YOUR FIST AND YELL **Alice Cooper** (MCA)
9	9	BAD ANIMALS **Heart** (Capitol)
10	7	LIVE AT WEMBLEY **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
11	8	THE LONESOME JUBILEE **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Mercury)
12	19	PHIL LYNOTT & THIN LIZZY **Phil Lynott & Thin Lizzy** (Telstar)
13	10	PERMANENT VACATION **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
14	11	CREST OF A KNAVE **Jethro Tull** (Chrysalis)
15	13	BIG GENERATOR **Yes** (Atco)
16	29	CLUTCHING AT STRAWS **Marillion** (EMI)
17	15	SLIPPERY WHEN WET **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
18	23	ELECTRIC **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
19	—	YOUNG AND CRAZY **Tigertailz** (Music For Nations)
20	27	VITAL IDOL **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
21	21	INTO THE FIRE **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
22	14	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
23	31	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
24	50	LIVE IN EINDHOVEN **Testament** (Atlantic)
25	18	ISLANDS **Mike Oldfield** (Virgin)
26	26	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
27	28	GROWING UP THE HARD WAY **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
28	17	BAD NEWS **Bad News** (EMI)
29	16	V **Vow Wow** (Arista)
30	20	FREE AS A BIRD **Supertramp** (A&M)
31	24	LIVE . . . IN THE RAW **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
32	38	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
33	22	PYROMANIA **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
34	25	PERFECT TIMING **McAuley Schenker Group** (EMI)
35	24	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
36	33	DARK SIDE OF THE MOON **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
37	re	ONCE BITTEN **Great White** (Capitol)
38	re	HEART **Heart** (Capitol)
39	47	RADIO K.A.O.S. **Roger Waters** (Harvest)
40	re	REAL TO REEL **Marillion** (Fame/EMI)
41	re	SAINTS 'N' SINNERS **Whitesnake** (Fame/EMI)
42	45	TRICK OR TREAT **Fastway** (CBS)
43	36	WHIPLASH SMILE **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
44	32	LOVE **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
45	41	AUGUST **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
46	37	AMONG THE LIVING **Anthrax** (Island)
47	42	DREAM EVIL **Dio** (Vertigo)
48	30	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
49	re	MISPLACED CHILDHOOD **Marillion** (EMI)
50	48	GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)

STAR CHOICE

NIGE ROCKET (ONSLAUGHT)
'SIGN OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS' Black Sabbath (track from the 'Heaven And Hell' LP on Vertigo)
'WAR PIGS' Black Sabbath (track from the 'Paranoid' LP on NEMS)
'ANGEL OF DEATH' Slayer (track from the 'Reign In Blood' LP on London)

PAUL CHRISTIE (THE PARTY BOYS)
'HEARSAY' Alexander O'Neal (Epic)
'SO' Peter Gabriel (Virgin)
'TUNNEL OF LOVE' 'Bruce Springsteen (CBS)

BRIAN VOLLMER (HELIX)
'APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION' Guns n' Roses (Geffen)
'NIGHT SONGS' Cinderella (Vertigo)
'UNCHAIN MY HEART' Joe Cocker (Capitol)

HOWARD LEESE (HEART)
'GO ON' Mr Mister (RCA)
'BIG GENERATOR' Yes (Atco)
'ANGEL' Aerosmith (track from the 'Permanent Vacation' LP on Geffen)

IMPORTS

1	—	TOTAL CONTROL **John Norum** (CBS)
2	1	SURVEILLANCE **Triumph** (MCA)
3	2	IGNORANCE **Sacred Reich** (Metal Blade)
4	8	SECOND HEAT **Racer X** (Shrapnel)
5	3	USA FOR MOD **MOD** (Noise)
6	4	NATIVE SONS **Strangeways** (RCA)
7	7	AMBITION **Tommy Shaw** (Atlantic)
8	—	RETALIATION **Carnivore** (Roadrunner)
9	—	NONE SHALL DIVIDE **Infernal Majesty** (Roadrunner)
10	—	JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY **Dream Death** (New Renaissance)

KONCERTZ

BLOOD ORANGE

ALICE COOPER/FASTER PUSSYCAT
Orange Show Pavillion, San Bernardino, California

EXACTLY ONE year after Alice Cooper made the comeback of the '80s on his 'Constrictor' tour, he returned to San Bernardino to give us a chance to raise our fists and yell before going on to once again conquer the rest of the world. With two strikes already against him – the first being that virtually no-one was aware of new album, 'Raise Your Fist And Yell', and the second being that he was playing to an audience whose local radio station considers Springsteen and Madonna to be hard rock – 'The Coop' definitely had his work cut out, and there was one other minor problem to be dealt with: Faster Pussycat, the opening act, were definitely no favourites with the locals, having been pelted with beer bottles and booed off stage during their last appearance in nearby Corona. Could they pull it off? Hah! Does a bear. . . ? Well, y'all know what bears do in the woods. . .

The lights went out and 'P-P-P-Pussy, P-P-Pussycat' pumped through the speakers, calling the newest LA darlings to the stage. Their set was tight but predictable as they jammed through material from their debut release. Much to my relief, the only flying objects that landed on my head in the photo pit were articles of women's clothing. It was Bon Jovi all over again as bare-chested females proudly displayed their feminine attributes to the boys onstage.

The band, spurred on by the enthusiastic squealing, ripped through a feline version of 'Honky Tonk Woman', which led to the crowd's favourite, 'Babylon'. Shouts of "Shut Up!" were inserted by the audience in all the right places, and by the end of their set Faster Pussycat had worked those in attendance into a mass of sweaty, Cooper-hungry animals.

Between sets the roadies cleared the stage and the security guards and I removed the T-shirts, tennis shoes and underwear from the photo pit. Just as the last pair of Reeboks were auctioned off, the lights went out again and the cheers went up. The acrid smell of smoke and the damp chill of dry ice filled the hall, and just as the synth reached an earshaking roar Alice burst onto the stage signalling another hour and 20 minutes of blood-soaked Metal mayhem.

ALICE COOPER, Kane Roberts and the Prince Of Darkness: an hour and 20 minutes of blood-soaked Metal mayhem

TAIME DOWNE: boobs but no blunders

The opener, 'Teenage Frankenstein', included a pre-assembled version of last year's model ready for demolition. The riding crop was once again in hand for 'No More Mr. Nice Guy', with Alice whipping the daylights out of everything in sight. We were treated to yet more dollar bills and plastic dollies during 'Billion Dollar Babies' and 'Mistress' basked in the limelight for 'Is It My Body?'

By the time Alice had delivered 'Eighteen' on crutches and Kane 'Rambo' Roberts had successfully stunned the crowd with his fire-breathing guitar, I was beginning to get an overwhelming sense of *deja-vu*; hadn't I seen all of this before?!

'Prince Of Darkness' was inserted just in time and gave Alice another creature to eliminate. Instead of the ever-predictable reaper in black, the Prince Of Darkness was portrayed by a mummified character, adding what I thought was a rather creative twist to the show. 'Chop, Chop, Chop' led to the murder of the streetwalking 'Gail' and Alice serenaded her corpse with 'Roses On White Lace' followed by what else. . . 'Only Women Bleed'!

As Gail's cadaver was removed from the stage by Alice's ever-ready bunch of creepy critters, we were treated to a snack of 'Devil's Food'. An old friend then joined the Splatter King in the form of a black widow with glowing red eyes. Never one to share his stage for too long though, Alice viciously dismembered his old buddy, tossing the robotic arachnid's legs all over the floor.

'Dead Babies' turned out to be his undoing, and after a few gory little surprises he was dragged, kicking and fighting, up the steps of the gallows. In fine Cooperesque tradition, the desperado was hung by the neck until dead, or, in this case, until the first notes of 'School's Out' rumbled through the speakers.

In white top hat and tails, Alice introduced his band, then after a few more choruses left the stage, returning to deliver 'Freedom' while his faithful assistants sent huge balloons out into the crown. Warning: the balloons aren't *all* filled with confetti. Dress accordingly!

SABRINA FREES-PERRIN

TESLA
The Spectrum, Philadelphia

TESLA, IN two years time, will be enormous. That isn't a comment born of prejudice or payola, it's one born of fact; facts that I watched at The Spectrum, facts that have been improved upon since that sweltering June day at the Texxas Jam. I said then that Tesla had the potential to learn stadium etiquette no problem, and what I saw recently was full proof that the Seattle band are probably the finest students to step forth from the US club scene in years.

They mastered the circular stage with delicious ease, and watching frontman Jeff Keith is starting to send shivers up my spine. Yeah, that's right, big fat shivers 'cause this kid just burns up the boards with all the assured arrogance of Steven Tyler and the animation of Dave Lee Roth. Add to this a fine larynx, and you're talkin' about a real major crowd-teaser.

Guitarist Tommy Skeoch, baseball cap 'n' shades, and Frankie Hannon have that rare and wonderful mix of youthful wide-eyedness and developing arrogance, whilst Troy Luccketta is gonna be one helluva stixsman very very soon. But 'tis Brian Wheat who typifies Tesla, the dimunitive little bassman skipping and buzzing all around the arena like his life depended on it, head floorwards as he hits the big notes, stance steady as he pummels the rhythm. . . the guy's a headbanger who got to hit the boards, a kid for other kids to enjoy.

Tesla quite simply have it all. Oh, I could stuff you full of more clichés and superlatives, but what's the point? Words cannot fully justify the sterling shows that the band are giving on this tour, and if you don't go and see them with the Lepps in March on their Euro return, there's a clinic second on the right as you leave your front door.

Tesla are five modern day cowboys with more power and ammunition than John Wayne saw in his whole bloody life!

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

E-Z-O/BATTALION
The Ritz, New York

SEE, THERE'S this f****** great band called Guns n' Roses who were gracing New York with their presence, and they had two other bands on the bill, right? And it's like this. One was really well in friggin' order, an' the other was just a complete load of bollocks, right?

See, the other good band are four savage noo Yawkahs, right? A band who do actually r-o-c-k, their towering frames and shagged manes (as in 'blow-dried' you tossahs) filling the stage in a way that usually only the older pros can.

See, I came, I saw an' they clean whipped me across the face with their searing six-string bolts; they were heavy in the way of old Priest and melodic in the fashion of Maiden, but to tag 'em is stoopid, 'cause Battalion sound pretty much like, uh, Battalion.

Shouldn't be long before you lot get a chance to check them out on vinyl or live, as both situations look to be in the red hot and capable hands of Rush Productions Management. Battalion came across like their name: a strong force ready to wipe out the scum in the Metal minefields.

Oh yeah, remember I mentioned the 'bollocks' bit, right? Well, it's like this. I really like Kiss and I really like a slab of hard rock, but when I see the two combined in a pitiful fashion I tend to get pretty bloody bored very quickly. E-Z-O have nothing worth writing about; they were boring (I ain't seen so much static since the last time I touched my TV screen), and they were silly (prancing slowly around like Samurais on quaaludes). They weren't even good copyists – there's an art to good plagiarism after all. And the songs just aren't there; polite distilled compositions that we've all heard so many times before.

E-Z-O, I suspect, were a Geffen gamble in the image stakes, and I'll tell you this, I can't see dressing up like an outtake from the 'Destroyer' album catching on again. An' see, I wasn't the only one bored s*******, 'cause The Ritz looked a bit cheesed off too.

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

THE AMAZING AUNT MAY DANCE BAND
Greyhound, Fulham

EVEN THOUGH I sat in the Greyhound's deep shadows, the Aunt's vocalist still manged to find me after the set and give me a good old ear-bashin' about how this was only the first gig with the new line-up (he is the sole survivor of the 'old' Aunt May); that they weren't going to do the "full show" (I presume he meant his old Alice Cooper/Tubes stage-gear, makeup – the whole theatrics bit) until they played some headlining gigs (I nodded in agreement); how it's terrible that all the American bands with a streak of glam are cleaning-up over here but how The Amazing Aunt May Dance Band are soon going to have something to say about that (I nodded in agreement); and was I going to slag the gig off?

I nearly nodded again, but his 'say yes an' I'll wrap a mike stand round that bit of your body that stops your head rolling off your shoulders' look triggered my 'auto-lie' programme.

The truth is, they've got a frontman as keen as they come, a very watchable Muppet-like drummer who looks as though he reckons the 'crack' for the night is to see if he can beat his kit to a pulp and sod whether or not he does it to the beat, and two adequate guitarists and a bass player who spent the whole set with their eyes nervously glued to their respective fretboards.

The Amazing Aunt May Dance Band are an un-amazing band with equally un-amazing songs, the best of which was probably the first one they did, a bit like something Mott The Hoople might have had a pile of that never quite made it onto their records.

PAUL HENDERSON

LITTLE STEVEN/SILENT RUNNING
Hammersmith Odeon, London

EXCUSES ARE easy to find, especially when things have not gone well – and things did not go well for Silent Running on this particular evening.

The excuses – and these are offered by me, not the band – run like this: Little Steven decided he needed almost three hours to soundcheck. Therefore Silent Running managed to wrest about ten minutes as the audience were filing in, they had no onstage monitors and they were given not a single spotlight, and what little lighting they *were* permitted only just about allowed the audience to see that SOMEONE was playing.

But anyway . . .

To their credit Silent Running put on a brave face, did their level best to overcome the difficult circumstances and provided around 40 minutes of excellent, if muted, entertainment. They played six songs from the excellent 'Walk On Fire' LP, including the superbly bombastic 'Sanctuary' and the irresistible ' The Hunger'. Peter Gamble still leads the band energetically into the fray, launching himself from one side of the stage to the other as he tries vainly to whip the audience into anything more than appreciative applause. But then this is the lot of the support band. And no-one walked out, not that I saw, which says a lot for *any* second-on-the-bill act.

I'd still like to see more of guitarist Tony Scott, but that pleasure will have to wait 'til Silent Running return to these shores to play under their own banner. Right now they're off to the States to play some support dates and some clubs on their own. They remain one of the freshest, brightest, most energetic acts to emerge from the UK for some while. They have excellent songs, a dynamic delivery and the potential for greatness. They deserve to be superstars. It would be a tragedy if this band were overlooked by the British public. Rock needs more bands like this.

Whether rock needs any more of Little Steven at present remains a more debatable point. Personally, after about an hour I'd had my fill.

George Jean Nathan, the late American critic, remarked that "Politics is the diversion of trivial men who, when they succeed at it, become important in the eyes of more trivial men." Now, I'm all for politics in music. I'm all for messages being brought home to people through the medium of the song. I think Little Steven is a very sincere man whose stand against apartheid in South Africa and his organisation of the 'Sun City' EP is utterly commendable – BUT . . .

I don't know, I just don't want this rammed down my throat. Listen, I *know* the situation in South Africa is appalling; I *know* Thatcher and Reagan between them ought to burn in hell for their obstinate refusal to apply sanctions against a country whose indigenous population are crying out for such economic measures to be taken; I am fairly convinced, too, that the whole situation is going to go up in flames before too long, that many lives will be lost and that there will be blood on our hands and on those of the Americans for our governments' respective inaction, BUT . . .

But the point is I don't need Little Steven to preach this to me during every song from the Hammy Odeon stage. Peter Gabriel manages to make his position absolutely clear in one song, the hauntingly beautiful 'Biko'. Then he'll move on to another topic of concern, such as the plight of the American Indian in 'San Jacinto' – but with Little Steven it's South Africa in every bloody song!!

Musically, though, when his band rocks out they do so magnificently, but when they switch to the ersatz reggae I could only conclude that Big Audio Dynamite do it much better and hoped they would go back to the raunchy rock material ASAP.

I can't knock Little Steven for his politics, I know he's absolutely right. But I can knock his method of delivery, which I think is laboured. Really, you don't have to beat us over the head with it. You lost me after an hour; how many others did you lose who you might have otherwise converted with a more considered approach? The sentiment is right but the execution is wrong . . . and South Africa still seems a dark and distant land. I didn't learn anything new, did you?

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IN THE NAME OF LOVE

WHITE LION
L'Amour, Brooklyn, New York

ROCK'N'ROLL is alive and well and living in L'Amour, a former industrial laundromat, now home to all the hottest bands in the New York area, and hailed as 'The Rock Capital Of Brooklyn'. Make that 'The World' because it's a great club that any city would envy.

White Lion were the star attraction on two nights here and I was frankly amazed by the band, the atmosphere, the music and the hysterical reaction.

Forget a handful of mournful punters munching their crisps over a mug of warm lager to a half asleep band in a London pub. This was rock'n'roll the way it SHOULD be, streets jammed with parked cars outside a rockin' old building, 2,000 smart, happy fans inside, real US teenagers straight out of 'Back To The Future' raving it up until 4 am on a Sunday morning. The band didn't go on stage until 1.30 am fer Crissakes!

And what a band! Derek Oliver had spread the word, having picked up on their first album. I was ready to listen, and far from the soft rock, middle-of-the-road stuff I had expected, here was a joyful mixture of youthful innocence, solid talent and that indefinable American drive to succeed and excel. There ARE bad American bands, and we saw one earlier in support band Smashed Gladys. But White Lion are something else, potential world beaters and really nice guys.

White Lion are sometimes described as three Italians and a Dane, the latter being their charismatic, explosive singer Mike Tramp (26), whose experiences include adulation as a teenybop idol and being violently sick after a Japanese meal with Ross Halfin. In reality, they are all-American boys whose enthusiasm is infectious.

The band hit the stage in a sea of smoke and tore into 'Hungry' from their debut Atlantic album, 'Pride'. Dressed to kill in soft leather outfits, covered in studs and patches, they were greeted by the amazing spectacle of girls screaming, throwing underwear and reaching out to stroke their legs and anywhere else they could touch. Real Beatlemania and not the sort of thing you see on a wet Saturday at the Fishmonger's Arms.

Mike is a sensation onstage, his blond Nordic hair flowing like a wild Viking warrior, his face pouring with sweat after leaping and dancing cartwheels across the sky.

L'Amour is great for reviewers because there is a small but handy VIP area where you can avoid the mighty crush in the main hall and still get close to the whole grinding, bumping, stage-shaking experience . . . Inches from my head Mike and bass man James Lomenzo strut their stuff while girls and boys wave their arms in supplication, light lighters, and sing along word-perfect to all the songs. These were well structured, with refreshingly new riffs, but I'm sure these technical points didn't concern the fans as roses, and then panties and bras were rained on the Young Lions. Said Mike: "Ah, now you're making me feel embarrassed."

WHITE LION'S Vito Bratta (left) and Mike Tramp (right): not the sort of thing you see on a wet Saturday at the Fishmonger's Arms

Mike talks and chats and caresses his audience with soft sentiments and spreads a much needed good vibe, then sings as if his life depends on it. He is offset by the silent, cool figure of Vito Bratta, the Lion's brilliant axeman. With his black outfit trimmed in gold and cigarette pasted on his lower lip, there are obvious Page-ian influences, but the guitar sounds are his own. He is truly Vito The Magnificent, with a fringe of dark hair that makes him look like the subject of some 15th Century portrait painter.

Behind the front line is fiery Greg D'Angelo, an attacking drummer who flew 'round his double bass drum kit and played a ferociously fast solo. But his main job was to add depth to the Lion's roar on 'Lonely Nights', 'Sweet Little Loving', 'Wait', 'Lady Of The Valley' and the tune I couldn't get out of my head for the next 12 hours, 'All You Need Is Rock'N'Roll'.

"It's cold in New York, but it's steamin' in L'Amour," yelled Mike to thunderous cheers, as the fans beat on the stage demanding encores. It was only then that the raw edges of this hot new band showed. Not for them the calculated, mechanical response of veterans of a thousand tours. They lapsed into jamming, which was okay, but took the edge off the tension and excitement. They didn't quite achieve that final frenzy of a great concert. But it was a club gig after all, and it was 4 am.

Vito, introduced by Mike as "The man in the shadows, the Italian stallion . . ." switched to acoustic sounds for 'When The Children Cry'. With just Mike and Vito onstage for this emotion charged peace song, they seemed to exorcise the demons of cynicism from rock'n'roll's heart. Perhaps White Lion won't ever quite capture their magic moment at L'Amour again. But for the sake of rock, they will go on trying.

CHRIS WELCH

ONSLAUGHT/DEATHWISH/ ANIHILATED
Clarendon, Hammersmith

POOR OL' Anihilated. Last time I saw them – in the company of Death Angel at this self-same venue a few months back – the mess spewing from the PA in the guise of Thrash was so awful that I really couldn't bring myself to review them. I get no pleasure out of slagging sincere bands.

This time things were no better. If anything the sound was worse, the soundman obviously having gotten out of bed the wrong side. But to ignore the Ipswich quartet a second time would be a grave injustice, so in less than ideal circumstances, here we go.

Despite that lack of clarity in the mix, the Thrashers slamming blissfully at the front seemed unaware of anything being amiss, even to the extent of loudly demanding an encore once Anihilated had finished and wiped their bottoms. Straining my ear, I too could detect the odd idea – most notably on 'Slaughter' – trying desperately to be heard over the distorted chaos but failing dismally.

To be truthful, I wasn't that upset to see them go. Deathwish too didn't have the greatest of sounds, but it was certainly a vast improvement on that alotted to their unfortunate predecessors. And indeed their set – although cut savagely short after just seven numbers – also showed an improvement over their last gig, a firm step forward in their task of becoming a great live act.

Admittedly, they're still a way from achieving promotion but they have got the drop on their rivals in at least one department. The *songs*. 'Demon Preacher', very fast, very intense and very popular, kick-started them off, the loopy Anthrax bouncing ball intro to 'Carrion' oiled leg and arm joints en masse at the front, and 'Edge Of Damnation' ensured that proceedings didn't get a chance to go off the boil.

Deathwish certainly know the value of varying the exposure time of any one riff (case in point being 'The Reign Of Destruction', which boasted more changes than a score of traffic lights), something that works in their favour. But many aspects of their Clarendon set served largely to convince me that the band need to consider the addition of a rhythm guitarist very seriously.

Onslaught went up another notch in my estimation tonight. Before they took the stage, vocalist Sy Keeler had the savvy to come on and apologise to the two support acts for their appalling sound and non-existent lighting (Anihilated and Deathwish had just two bare bulbs apiece!), and to the long-suffering fans for the over-inflated door prices. And, bearing in mind that Onslaught have been on a charge of 'selling out their ideals' by several Hardcore bands recently, it must be said

that neither DRI nor MDC, both bona fide HC acts, had the forethought to apologise for their equally expensive gigs.

Onslaught proved again tonight just why they are the only *completely* professional Thrash outfit in the country. Steve Grice takes the stage first, his sticks pounding out the weighty rhythm. Then, with the guitars burning corrosive fuel, the band join him and we're suddenly tumbling headfirst into 'Lightning War', the complete epic opening number, with Sy screaming the "*Die! Die! Die!*" chorus as if his finger was hovering, Reagan-like, over the red missile button.

Indeed, professionalism is really the band's forté now. Light years away from the nervous quartet that gingerly trod the Marquee boards with Exciter, Sy Keeler now looks in complete command, and bassist Jim The Hippie and previously retiring guitarist Nige Rocket have never seemed happier.

Even new boy Rob Trottman, whilst not having the boundless energy of his predecessor, didn't seem particularly overawed at the prospect of playing London on only his second gig; he made few mistakes and even delivered the briefest of impromptu solos.

'Symptom Of The Universe' made its first appearance in the set and, considering that they already have AC/DC'S 'Let There Be Rock' in there and that 'Symptom . . .'is an established factor in the Deathwish live show, perhaps it was a little unnecessary. That said, however, it was a faultless version of what is, let's face it, probably Sabbath's greatest moment, and they scored highly on that.

'Shell Shock' was unveiled as the newest number in the set, joining 'Blood Upon The Ice' and the aforementioned 'Lightning War' as the trio of representatives from the forthcoming album, and, to these ears at least, seemed to nod happily in the direction of 'Master Of Puppets'. Older fans were doubtless glad to see 'Devils Legion' making a surprise comeback although the band didn't dig as far back as to include 'Black Horse Of Famine', much to the annoyance of the guy standing behind me.

Onslaught are already a better live act than the likes of Kreator or Exodus and I certainly hope that the fact they are British doesn't prevent them from gaining the musical acknowledgements for the mastery of their craft that have been showered on their transatlantic cousins.

PAUL MILLER

ONSLAUGHT: the only completely professional Thrash outfit in the country

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HEART OF THE MATTER

*"I love them records, tears your f**king heart out and chops it up in bits. Nice dramatic stuff. I remember playing support to them the first gig we ever did in the States, about 1980, and they were great that night too. She can really sing and that other chick can really play guitar – what's her name? Not Brunhilda, the blonde one. They had a lot of trouble for a while though, didn't they? Just goes to show, never give up . . ."*

THAT WAS Lemmy (*Lemmy!*)'s Heart review. Here's mine.

They've always been a special band: that combination of strength and sweetness, balls and girlybits, the grit and the rubies as well as the fluff in the Great Bellybutton of Metal. Whenever you've written them off they've come out with something that takes a blowtorch to your braincells, and beats you into glorious submission.

A lot of people wrote them off for good a few years back. With a shopping trolley's worth of gold and platinum to their name, the band seemed to be turning complacent; blowdried, lost, definitely on their last legs.

But instead of limping out with a final invalid throb, back they blasted with new batteries and their biggest and best brace of albums in ages: 'Heart' and the latest, 'Bad Animals'. More platinum, packed concerts (like this arena in Detroit, another of those huge American hangars with the personality of a TWA toilet) and *amazing* shows. Most of tonight's comes from those two LPs with a few old favourites tossed in.

The look is streamlined – a series of red-railed ramps, steps and platforms, with the band all in black. The old Heartgal look – pre-Nikki Sixx striped spandex and shagdos with buttoned-up satin and velvet on top – has gone to make way for something more glamorous: Ann's in black High Priestess robes, Nancy's in cowboy boots and miniskirt topped with something shiny, black and lethal (no longer the hello-trees-hello-flowers fairy princess to big sister's voluptuous vamp). There's some serious toyboy slavering down in the front rows.

Musically, the whole thing meshes and works perfectly. 'Bad Animals' starts it off, and there's barely time to get your breath before Howard Leese does some mighty guitar playing for 'Barracuda'. The song jumps up and bites your balls off.

There's 'Nothin' At All' dedicated with a dirty laugh to the guys, 'I Want You So Bad' dedicated without one to the girls, Nancy and Howard playing keyboards at opposite sides of the stage, while corny white rainstorm lights rain down and the harmonies are like Heavy Metal Mamas & The Papas.

There's gentle stuff like 'These Dreams', those majestic ballads they do so well like 'What About Love' and 'Never', stuff that reaches a peak then just as it looks about to headbutt a Boeing 747 goes higher and higher still. And there's rocking stuff like 'Who Will You Run To', Ann reaching down to touch hands in the crowd, Nancy facing Howard for some dual guitaring.

HEART'S NANCY Wilson: 'serious toyboy slavering in the front rows'

Nancy introduces 'Dreamboat Annie' as "the first song we wrote for the first album we made," and it's just the two sisters, like it used to be, Ann taking lead and Nancy harmonising and strumming a huge guitar, Ann ending it with some flute-playing. Nice, but it's got nothing on 'Crazy On You' as lights diddle on a crowd who were most likely at the foetal stage when this song first came out.

'If Looks Could Kill' has them leaving the stage, to roars and screams and lit-matches. Encores are 'Bebe Le Strange', the excellent 'Magic Man' – great guitar from Howard and sturdy bass from Mark Andes – then back again for the megadramatic 'Alone' – the vocals spot-on, sending shivers down your spine – and final rock'n'roll medley featuring Denny Carmassi's drum solo and the best Robert Plant impersonation in rock!

They really *are* back on form.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

GREAT WHITE
Mississippi Nights, St Louis Missouri and Newport Music Hall, Columbus Ohio

FIRST NIGHT a club the size of a bootbox, tiny lung cancerous place by the side of the river (backstage's the top step of an iron fire-escape), next's a Camden Palacey affair, packed with college kids (though not smart enough to toss dreadful opening act American Toys off the stage) on a bus-ride cross-country to join the Whitesnake tour. As it says on the liner-notes, rock 'n' roll is a trip, not a destination.

Scratch 'n' sniff Great White and you get sex, sweat and Jack Daniel's, plus all the adjectives the good Doc Doom already gave you in his double-whammy 'Once Bitten' album review. Only live there's nothing held back, the dam bursts open and drowns you in guts and stomp and heartfelt rock 'n' roll!

First time I've seen them with new bass player Tony Montana, first time I've ditto since they went deservedly gold after all those years of indignities (major label finally picking them up then dropping them like a used condom), indie releases and slog.

Both gigs are packed, the little club's got people standing on chairs and tables, steaming leather everywhere, and by the time I've squeezed close to the stage they're halfway through opening number 'Shot In The Dark', Jack draped over the mikestand, eyes closed, dripping sweat, and Kendall – all hair and shades like some dude Dougall – is gliding through a fluid guitar break.

And Audie Desbrow's doing his construction-worker-from-the-Planet-Sexgod bit on drums, bashing the hell out of them, with new boy Tony on a stomping beat.

He's not as swaggering as the departed Lorne Black but more confident and sturdy with each number. 'Gonna Getcha' just steams along, flattening anything in its path.

Michael Lardie puts his rhythm guitar down to do the keyboard intro to 'Lady Red Light', then it's 'All Over Now', the band piled together at the front of this minuscule stage, as much through necessity as anything else but, hell, somehow it makes them seem even more of *a band*.

Jack, grinning like the schoolboy whose French teacher kept him after class, gets us all to yell something unprintable at the top of our lungs and it's "a song for all you Metalheads", 'Fast Road', with a hummingbird-fast drum intro, a propulsive little beast that goes over really well.

Halfway through we get the celebrated Russell spiel – tells how he woke up feeling like s**t, empty Jim Beam bottle one side of the bed, seven-foot-tall corpulent gal the other, *"this chick was so fat that when she hauled ass she had to make two trips!"* and he's thinking did he or didn't he and when he realises he *did* . . . What else but 'Face The Day'! A song written by Aussies Angel City but *made* for Great White.

I could scrap this entire piece and write the *whole review* about this one song, the throbbing beat, the muscular drums, the fat, heavy rhythm guitar, the dirty, desperate vocals, building up to something wild and angry like the world's worst hangover. Brilliant!

Crowd loves it. But they're such filthy motherf**kers that they love old 'Down On Your Knees' (a PMRC favourite) even more, singing and punching along as Jack puts his arm on Tony's shoulder and whale-spouts water on Audie at the back.

Then the hit single, 'Rock Me', gorgeous bluesy vocals with a catch in the throat, bluesy lead guitar, deep-down and dirty, Jack singing the best I've heard him yet. They're in their element with this stuff, a synthesis of all the good things that got them up and rocking in their naughty teenage years, and it's one of the highlights of the show.

Encores: three of them, a couple harking back to their cover-band days and the singalonga 'Stick It'. Lord knows why this band never saw gold until now . .

Two nights, same set, two crowds go apes**t. And everyone, band too, leaves with a great big sharky *grin* on their face.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

QUIRE BOYS
Marquee, London

"WE'RE THE Quire Boys . . . and this is rock 'n' roll," says vocalist Spike, as they leave behind the glorious "woo-hoo-hoo's" of set opener '7 o'clock' and launch heartily into 'That's Right'. And this IS rock 'n' roll. Stripped to its lowest, dirtiest, party-est, boogiest denominator. So deliciously down 'n' dirty it's exhileratingly high 'n' mighty; with the added attraction of mop-top 'Ginger' (ex-Beki And The Bombshells) on second guitar resultin' in a fuller-bodied sound that kicks the buggers from their mid-'70s rut skuh-reeeemin' into 1987!

Let's face it, fight fans, the only true-blue, honest-to-badness alternative to the excruciatingly imposin' Buns N' Toasties LA brat-pack invasion.

The Quire Boys simply glow. Even the Marquee spotlights were dim in comparison to the Cheshire cat smiles these rapscallions beam at each other while boppin' gleefully around the stage. And who was gonna refuse when we heard that now familiar Cramps-like rhythm pounding which is the invitation to a 'Sex Party'?! Hors-d'oeuvres served-up respectfully alongside the condoms.

Let's give 'em a record deal! Let's give 'em one hell of a seeeerious producer!! Let's give 'em a well deserved mighty *Kerrang!* feature!!!! Let's raise that goddamn Union Jack right to the bleedin' top!!!! And, hey . . . God save the Quire Boys

RAY ZELL

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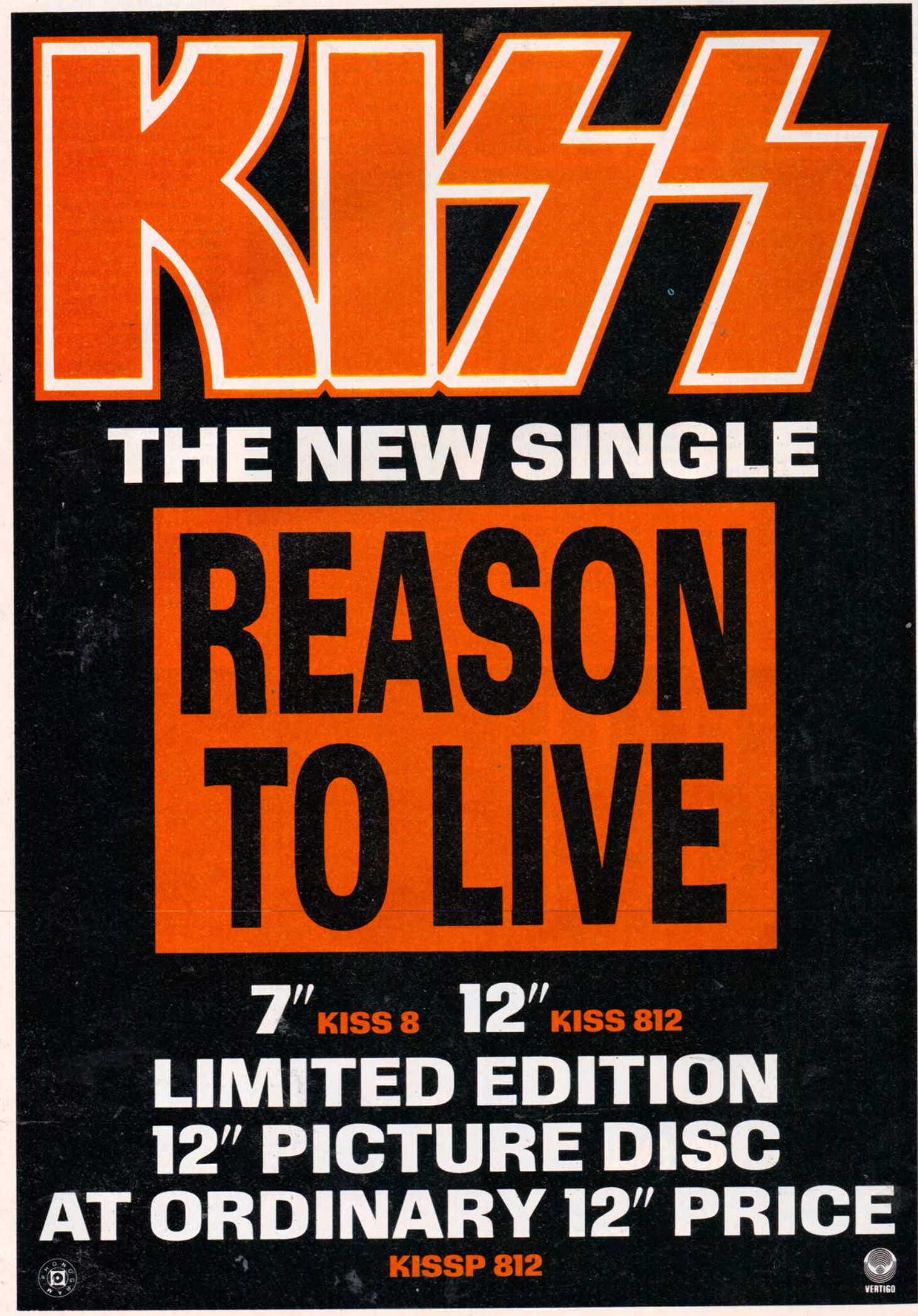
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. . . And so that's it for another ish. But, I hear you cry, will there be a noo *Kerrang!* on the streets a week from now as usual? Will the half-kut *K!* krew (above, flanked by loyal readers) have recovered from the raging success of the *Kerrang!*/Virgin Video Nite at London's Astoria on November 9 in time to piece together another stunnin' instalment of your fave bedtime read?

Well, if we do you *could* be in for . . .

- **A front cover feature on THE CULT (Gaspo!)**
- **An in-depth insight into U.D.O., the noo band featuring former Accept warbler UDO DIRKSCHNEIDER (AAARGH!!)**
- **A feline flirt with those cuddly TIGERTAILZ (Gosh!)**
- **And possibly even exclusive nooz on the RUSH and HEART UK tours, with dates and ticket detailz (and maybe even a Heart-stoppin' pic of the delicious NANCY – OOOHHH!!!)**

So pop into your noizeagents on Dec. 1 and see if we've managed to handle our hangovers . . . ish 165 (kover dated Dec. 5) is certain to be a literary miracle – if it ever sees the light of day!!!

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LADY Killers

WITH THE Yuletide season approaching faster than Publisher Bob Thrussell when the office stereo gets turned up ⅛ of a decibel, LA's Puss'N' Boots could be just the band to get you in the panto mood.(Oh yes they could! Oh no they couldn't! etc.)

But don't expect to find Jan King (vocals/guitar), Che Zuro (guitar), Tami East (bass) and Laurie Bell (drums) – seen here after being caught red-handed defacing Krusher's luxurious Beverly Hills retreat – pandering to the under-fives and OAPs at the Chingford Civic Hall! Coz if what Dante 'Buttons' Bonutto tells me is correct (and if pigs do indeed fly), this fiery-lookin' four-piece are more likely to be bashing out "perfectly acceptable harmony-tinged Metal, much in the Poison Dollys vein" in some seedy Hollywood niteclub!

Puss'N'Boots – more 'boots' than 'puss' in some cases, according to certain cruel observers (not me, of course, and if the one on the left would like to give me a ring I'll explain it to her personally) – evolved from various small-time West Coast outfits including the Orchids, Valentine, Backstage Pass, Tantrum, Spitfire and Ruby Tuesday, and have already hit heady heights of fame such as appearing on Geoff 'Ugly Sister' Barton's playlist with their 'Last Night Of Summer'.

A new demo featuring tracks such as 'Winter' and 'Bitter Blue' is currently whirling like a top in the office's multi-million pound tape deck (well, it would be if the damn thing worked), and all I can say is the sooner someone offers the band a chance to display their charms on vinyl the better.

(Now, for the benefit of the one on the left, my number is 01-476. . .) MARK PUTTERFORD

Pic Alex Sola